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ISSUE 49

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DRUMMER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."
Henry David Thoreau



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 5

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*Cover: Charles Gatewood
This page: Charles Gatewood
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DRUMMER

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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ADVERTISING DIRECTOR: KAREN STEWART
CIRCULATION: JERRY LASKY
ACCOUNTING: CHUCK MASCHANSKY

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: CHARLES MUSGRAVE, ROBERT PAYNE, LARRY TOWNSEND, TERRANCE SAGAN, BRYAN DERBYSHIRE

CONTRIBUTORS: JASON KLEIN, AARON TRAVIS, FRANK O'ROURKE

PHOTOGRAPHERS: ROBERT PRUTZAN, WOLFGANG, BINK, TERRY PHOTO, ZEUS, ROY DEAN, TARGET, GRAVEN IMAGE, REFLEX STUDIO, KENSINGTON ROAD, ATHLETIC MODEL, GUILD, VIC FOR ARMOND

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GETTING OFF

Blonde deutsche Jungs als Sex-Sklaven nach USA verkauft

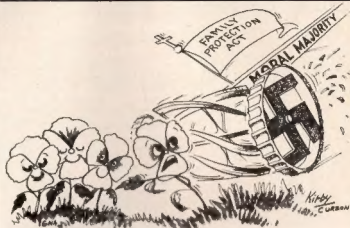


Sex-Sklaven: Sie werden ihre oder umgekehrt

GERMAN SEX SLAVES

A reader in Germany sent us clippings from a national newspaper similar to our own *National Enquirer* with banner headlines proclaiming: **BLOND GERMAN BOYS SOLD TO THE U.S. AS SEX SLAVES.** The story that followed was as unbelievable as the headline. According to the paper, which based its information on statements by an American police detective, Lloyd Martin (Los Angeles)—perhaps remembered by *Drummer* readers as the mastermind of the infamous 'Slave Auction' raid a few years back—young German boys between the ages of 10 and 14 are kidnapped by procurers off the streets of major German cities, drugged, and shipped to the U.S. where they are sold as sex slaves to rich American homosexuals. According to Martin, who has never been known to separate truth from his own fantasies, "In homosexual circles the ownership of a German sex slave is something like a status symbol." An FBI agent, unnamed by the paper but obviously suffering from the same delusions as Lloyd Martin, is quoted, "An organized gang looks for victims and offers them a coke or dinner." The newspaper goes on to say that two U.S. Congressmen and a Senator are involved in this 'ring' and that arrests have been made. (Ironically none of this scandal has appeared in the U.S. press.) Our German reader added that unfortunately the newspaper did not give the locations of any of the restaurants where these alleged sex slaves were kidnapped. If they had, he intended to hang out there and see if he, too, could join the ranks of these imaginary sex slaves. But it's probably just as well; according to the newspaper the slaves were constantly drugged and either go insane or are killed before they reach 20. Where these facts come from is just a little questionable since Martin has been unable to name a single victim, kidnapper, or homosexual slave owner. However, where Martin gets the money to travel around the world and spread tales of this fanciful 'Homosexual Conspiracy' is somewhat easier to substantiate. □

MALECALL/ Dear Sir:



"Pansies, Arise!"

DRY ENDING?

First let me tell you that I really dug *Golden Showers* (*Drummer* No. 48) and it was the first thing I read after I looked at all the pictures in the magazine the day I bought it. It's the best piss story you have ever printed. But I have a big complaint; what happened at the end? I don't believe that's all there was to it, because things were just getting started as far as I'm concerned. Did you cop out? Did you decide enough was enough? Did you lose the last part? Come on, guys, what happened?

B. Alders
Washington, DC

(Editor's Note: Terrance Sagan says that what happened next is history and didn't need to be spelled (spilled?) out. If you read the newspapers — and why bother when you have *Drummer* — you know that Red became Red Adrink, world famous gush-capper. Red can handle any size gush anywhere in the world, even under the most impossible conditions — like on his knees under a table at Maxim's during a seven course meal with three French wines.)

RED QUEEN SPEAKS

In issue number 47, you try to justify your recent Nazi sex-fantasy on the grounds that it was just a joke, and not meant to be taken seriously. But isn't that like jumping out of the frying pan into the fire? What kind of people think Nazis are funny, anyway? "We're not fascists," you would have us believe, "just stupid."

The fact is you're neither. All you really care about is making a quick buck by whatever gimmick you can. Whether Gay or straight, people like you are lowering the quality of life for us all.

Arthur Evans
San Francisco, CA

(Editor's Note: Believe it or not, we received this letter months after its writer contacted virtually everybody and anybody about his opinion on our little Nazi satire. After appearing before organizations to seek a condemnation of *DRUMMER* without bothering to actually show the article, quoting individual sentences out of context and claiming that *DRUMMER* was advocating gay fascism, he has now come to us direct, which should have been done in the first place. And he signed his letter with his real name this time.)

As far as "quick bucks" go, Mr. Evans is the author of a rather humorless book entitled "Witchcraft and the Gay Counter Culture" and which retails for considerably more than anything *DRUMMER* has ever published.

But we can nip-peek this little tempest-in-a-teapot to death. We feel that if a grown man has a beef, he confronts you immediately and direct. Mr. Evans has finally done the latter, but probably not for the last time.)

LIKED AMSTERDAM

Praises for *The Amsterdam Incident* in *Drummer* No. 41! This was, perhaps, the most literate piece of fiction I've seen in any of your publications, and one of the hottest. I speak for several of

my friends as well as myself when I say that we are eager to see more work from Ron Harvie.

You've got a fantastic magazine; more work of this caliber would make it even more exciting.

Bradley
Cincinnati, OH

BREATHLESS

I've heard through a number of bar acquaintances that there is a group or club in New York interested in my greatest desire, choking. No one seems to know the name of this group or how to get in touch with them. Do you have any records on them? Please let me know.

Louis
New York, NY

(Editor's Note: It is too tempting to make gallows jokes like, all the members were strangled. But, no we've never heard of them. Is there a handkerchief color for choking?)

MAILING LISTS

I demand that you people stop selling my name and address. I have received advertising from someone named "Folsom Group," the "Scatological Society" and the "Ambush" all addressed the same way my DRUMMER subscription is. You have said that you do not lend or sell your mailing lists. What gives?

R. Metz
San Francisco, CA

(We have not and we do not. The people who are sending you solicitations got your name and address by lifting it from DRUMMER's files or got it from the ones who did. We appreciate getting information on anything you receive through the mail addressed identical to your DRUMMER subscription. It is building our case.)

COVER

Boris Vallejo, a name you might remember from his visually striking poster for The St. Mark's Baths, and Spider Webb, one of the premiere names in tattoo art, held a two-man show at the Tattoo Gallery in Woodstock, New York to unveil work that will appear in two new books in 1982. Boris Vallejo's *Mirages* will be published by Ballantine Books and Spider Webb's *Flash Tattoos On Paper and Skin* will be published by R. Mutt Fine Art Editions. Spider Webb has recently authored, along with Charles Gatewood, *The Art of Pushing Ink*, a lavish oversized paperback that traces the origins and designs of contemporary tattoos and is profusely illustrated with Spider Webb's work and Charles Gatewood's photographs. The cover of this issue is a painting by Boris Vallejo that incorporates both that artist's amazing vision and Spider Webb's unique tattoo-design perspective. The painting was photographed by Charles Gatewood.

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DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

BATTLE OF THE BIG DICKS



DRUMMER 8

It use to be that cocksmanship was measured by the accuracy of ones lance in a jousting tournament or the swift flight and bulseye of ones arrow, or the marksmanship of hip-shooting a rifle at a moving target—all metaphors for the exclusively male sex organ commonly called 'the dick'.

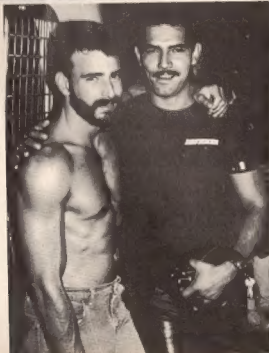
From the nights of the knights to the supermilitary industrial complex, the shape of the phallus as been used as the ultimate weapon and the universal symbol for masculinity. Even church spires, capping institutions where masculinity is of absolutely no consequence—look like erect cocks.

So, if you really think about it, history is filled with contests over which man had the biggest (read: most threatening) cock. And as society has become more portable, the symbols for the cock have gotten smaller and smaller; till now the handgun has become the cock extension of the sexually insecure and the genitally-disenfranchised. Little cocks make for big flapping lids.

Getting away from the use of symbols for the phallus and letting the size of the rod set its own impression is a current trend much maligned by the psuedopsychological set. Head doctors, children of witchdoctors, decry that a man can not be measured by the size of his tool. That's unfair, cries the leathercouch crowd, nature makes big dicks, not personal growth. All I can say to that is this: Show me a man with a 10 and I'll show you a man that's at least halfway to superstuddom.

Contests based on who's got the biggest wang have been going on since two guys first got together in the back of a cave and pulled aside their leopard skins. In garages, in shower rooms, in alleys, in the last pew in church; guys have been whipping it out and getting it hard to see who was 'king' of the sausage.





Various mythologies have arisen about race and size. In the rural southern states one of the roots of racial prejudice against blacks was based on the fear held by white men that a juicy black cock measuring an impressive 9 or 10 could turn the heads of belles away from the finger-weenies of their husbands. Not all blacks have telephone pole cocks (and not all WASPS are under the national average)—but sex and the dick-threat are powerful medicine.

The slender young Taorminan youths photographed by Wilhelm von Gloeden at the turn of the century (96 pound boys with 96 pound genitals) gave evidence to the Italian horse-cock myth. Most Italians are hairy, some are hung, some are blond-haired, some are absolute assholes. Racial generalities seldom hold up.

So here is the latest battle of the big dicks, held in San Francisco at the Bulldog Baths. Last time I went to such a contest, all the entries were measured in private in the manager's office and someone one came out at midnight and announced that the winner had 12½". I didn't see it, so I don't believe it.

A lot of guys don't want to brag, so some of the biggest cocks in San Francisco stayed away—but what showed up was impressive. □

**Text by Terrance Sagan
Photos by R. Fenton**



OUR LEATHER SANTA



The Cherry comes complete with padlock and key to fit the "leather anatomy". From Mr. S Products. (San Francisco).

Shocking, stimulating and... Mr. S Products (San Francisco) is advertising a double cockring.



Above: Two versions of leather jackets from the large collection available at The Pleasure Chest (Los Angeles). Prices range from \$195. to \$360. The Pleasure Chest also stocks a tremendous assortment of leather accessories.

GIFTING GIFTS

Stallion Productions has an alternative to the Christmas carol in their Hot Talk Tapes. Professionally produced, the tapes run \$10 each and include such themes as: The Commander Speaks, Marines Overheard, Muscle Builder Orgy, and Hot Hung Trucker. Photo by Jon Ericson. A brochure is available. Also recommended is Fist Goodbody's *Traveling Torture Show*, the first heavy metal S&M rock album with a live performance by the Prince of Pain. Cassette is \$9.95 from: The Studstore, 278 Eleventh St., San Francisco, CA 94103.






The NATO physical training shorts are a re-issue of those worn by troops in Western Germany. Each pair is authentic and reconditioned. Navy Blue only, but only \$7 from International Male (San Diego).



Top: The Black Harness Boot from The Pleasure Chest (Los Angeles) steps in at a low \$69. The leather baseball cap tops at \$16., and you can slip on the leather breeks for under \$80. Below: These handmade enginer boots with Vibram soles are 20" high and \$165. from Safco Boot Company (San Jose).





A safe place for mad money (and plastic money) is this all-leather clip wallet from Options Plus (San Francisco), which fits in your boot top. At about \$15 retail, this is a real steal.

The Cash Machine and the Cash Machine
The Cash Machine and the Cash Machine
The Cash Machine and the Cash Machine
The Cash Machine and the Cash Machine
The Cash Machine and the Cash Machine
(San Francisco)

The perfect sheet for hot nights
and dry dreamers can wipe
away off FunSheets with a
sweat—and we mean anything
you to fit all kinds of beds, from
twin to 60S. from FunSheet (Los
Angeles). Photo by J. Clayton
West.



'Construction Man' is the latest that is joining this guy on (illustration) by Bob McLeod from his series, The American Man. The color print comes matted at 16"x20" and is signed and numbered. The \$35. print is available from the artist: McLeod Enterprises, 3908 Clayton Ave., L.A., CA 90027. This is the second in the series, and firstburns are available by the 2. Clark Kummer's version of 'The Klor' (shown) is 11"x17" in black and white and available at \$6.00 from: The Studstore, 5 Products (San Francisco). A lot of Mr. Kummer's original pieces can be seen at The Studstore.



Jackel's newest poster, above, is 18" x 23", and comes in a signed edition for \$10, from The Studstore (San Francisco). Victor Arimondi's *The Look Of Men* (below) is a hardcover, lavish look at some of the world's sexiest men. At \$30.00, also signed, it's a bargain trip around the world. Available from the 551 Gallery.



HIS MASTER'S VOICE



Among the questions I am asked most often is "Where can I find a Master?" There is an impassioned plea of how they have looked everywhere and cannot find a top to train them and makes them shape up. It is true that masters are in short supply and that bottoms exist in much larger numbers, say like ten to one.

However, the next thing she would be slave tells me is what he is looking for, then what he wants and what he wants done to him and for him. I say that I am asked this often especially lately and it isn't because I am standing on street corners with a sign around my neck. As it happens I ran an ad in DRUMMER some time back for a slave houseboy. The deal was legitimate and I stated my case, putting in a telephone number. That was a big mistake. Although I am home very little, when I was, the phone rang off the hook, all through the night. Not all of them were heavy beaters or jack-offs, although I am sure that most had their hands on their dicks when they finished dialing. But for all the flakes I had to talk to and hang up on, there were quite a few that were sincerely looking for someone to take over their lives. The one I ended up with (although the phone continues to ring all the time) you might be interested in. If not, turn the page and read Larry Townsend or answer your own fucking ad in the classifieds.

O.K. So this night the phone rings and I growl hello into it. A young guy's voice goes into the song and dances about how he is answering the ad for a houseboy slave, Sir, and his name is Gary something. He assured me that he was local, not calling from Pittsburgh or Des Moines or worse.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-five, Sir."

"How tall and what do you weigh?"

"Five ten, Sir and about 155, Sir."

Pause. He knew he was wrong with that about.

I let it pass. "Tight ass?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Good cocksucker?"

"Yes, Sir. Very good, Sir."

There was no point in getting more descriptions. Either he was acceptable or he wasn't. Half of that acceptability depended on attitude.

I gave him the address and told him to be here in a half hour and not one minute later. "Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir. Is there anything special you want me to wear, Sir?"

FLICKER'S PICTURES

Good boy "Wear some old levis and a T-shirt. That's it. And if you are going to be late, don't bother."

Exactly twenty-five minutes later the doorbell rang. I opened the door and there stood my 'five-ten, about 185' applicant. He had blondish hair with very blue eyes. He had on a faded T-shirt that was too small for him and torn jeans. He was barefoot and his hands were behind his back. I motioned for him to enter and he stood in the hall, waiting for my appraisal.

"Strip, boy."

"Yes Sir." The jeans dropped and he practically ripped the shirt off.

"Pick them up and fold them up." He had a triangular patch of blonde hair on a pretty well developed chest. The hair tapered down around his belly then to his crotch where a fat prick stood straight out. He seemed embarrassed by that.

"Turn around."

Small, waist tight buns and fairly heavy legs. He could use a tan but that could be accomplished easily by having him working out of doors nude.

"Follow me, boy."

I returned to my study where I had been sitting before an open fire, reading. The new applicant stood before me, hands behind his back. His prick hadn't subsided much although his balls had relaxed a little and hung considerably lower. When I got around to looking into his eyes, I saw some fear, more than a little curiosity and who knows what else. I told him to tell me what his experience had been and what he wanted out of his servitude. The story I got was pretty sketchy. He had had a few weekend trips with someone who mostly beat him, then ignored him. He played bottom whenever he picked someone up in a leather bar - or rather when someone picked him up. He said he had a good job, his own apartment and car but was willing to give that up to belong to and serve another man, preferably one older than him. In selling himself he offered to work and turn over every thing he had or made to his master as long as he was taken care of and his decisions were made for him. He said that he worked out fairly often, wanted to do it far more regularly and heavily. Anything, anything to please his owner.

"Very nice, kid. How the hell do I know that you won't want out after a couple days of heavy training? I'm not interested in investing the time and

energy it is going to take to turn you into a real slave. You want to suck my cock, come on over here. I'll kick your ass around if you wish and put you through your paces but I'll be damned if I am going to waste much time on a telephone trick."

"Sir, you want me to sign papers? I'll be your slave as long as you want me then you can sell me or give me away if I don't please you." The bastard fell to his knees. "Please Sir, use me any way you want. Just let me be your boy."

"Let's get it straight. If you even stay here tonight, here is what is going to happen to you. First we are going to do away with some of that ego. You are going to stop worrying about yourself and what you want. A slave has no concern and that is pleasing his man. That is your only concern."

"If I am going to be responsible for you then you are going to be exactly what I want you to be. Really what you should be if you could do it by yourself."

He was looking at his bare feet on the floor. Very softly he said, "What would you do to with me Sir?"

"That is really none of your business. If you agree to become my property. However at the moment it is a fair question, although I don't recall your asking permission to ask it. We are going to take you into the bathroom and shave your fucking slave's body. Then I am going to tie your balls to a ring on the floor and work you over with a belt. After I think you have cleaned out your mind of what you want to happen to you then we are going into the basement and I am going to put rings on your tits."

"Another good beating and you'll be ready for your collar and ball stretcher, which you will always have. Then if I think you are worthy, I'll put shackles on your worthless body and let you sleep at the foot of my bed. Before you go to sleep, I will give you instructions for first thing in the morning. Any questions?"

"None, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

And that is exactly what we did for the next couple of hours. I did leave the hair on his legs and arms and I only clipped his chest hair. But the rest of him was as smooth as the day he was born. I placed a pair of light but insistent clips on his nipples and fastened the very undersized cockring that he was finally able to get on to the ring on the floor and took a three-inch belt every inch of his body except his head,

lower back and genitals. He lay quietly at first then began squirming and anticipating each stroke of the belt. Finally he was whimpering and begging quietly with, "Please, Sir. Thank you, Sir. Please, Sir." I worked on the soles of his feet and he moved them out of the way. I ordered him to hold them together and up so that I could belt them more easily. He did as he was told. I worked on his calves then his thighs and finally finished on the area where the beltting had started. His very red ass.

"What do you say, boy?"

"Thank you, Sir. I appreciate it, Sir." I moved around to the front of where he was lying. Face down on the floor. The top of my boot pressed against his mouth. He began to lick it slowly, then with much more enthusiasm. It was a good sign. His fair skin was covered with angry red marks, not ~~welts~~ welts. I had no intention of marking him up. A wide belt doesn't act as does a narrow one or a thin whip.

"Take off my boot."

He reached up without raising up (a hard thing to do when your balls are fastened to the floor) and pulled off the boot. He had been licking. I put my stockinged foot to his mouth and he gripped the sock with his teeth and pulled. He then began sucking and sucking my bare foot. I had to admit he was good at it.

"Ready to get your tits pierced, boy?"

A pause. Anytime you say, Sir.

I fastened the clip that connected his cockling to the ring on the floor. He crawled after me to the kitchen and I ordered him to get up on the big old fashioned table. I got out the needles and couple of stainless steel rings about the size of a nickel in circumference. I ran my hand over his chest and lifted up on the tit clamps. He raised with them, gasping a little but saying nothing. I pulled them off and he gave a low moan, for which he got a smart smack with the back of my hand across the side of his face.

A little alcohol, a job with the needle and nylon thread that had been soaking in peroxide and his right tit was pierced. I put the ring through, dabbed at the drop of blood that started to run down his pec and repeated the process on the left nipple. There were tears in his eyes but there was no sound. He was gritting his teeth.

Then I examined his no longer turgid cock. He had been circumcized but there was enough loose skin under

the head for another ring job I found one (about the size of a half dollar) I had been saving for just such an occasion. Now the guy was really getting uptight.

So my neophyte slave got a ring through what was left of his foreskin to match the two in his tits I knew they would be too sore to fasten together with a light chain that evening but there was always later. In my enthusiasm I had been hobbling around with one boot on and one off. So we paraded back to my den, me hobbling and him crawling. I had the foresight to bring a fresh cold can of beer from the kitchen and I plunked myself down in my favorite chair again and stared at the remains of the fire. My slave knelt back in his position in front of me, the heat from the fireplace warming his sensitive rear. "My other boot," I ordered, and he almost jumped to pull it off, then removed my sock again with his teeth.

He squatted there like an affectionate dog, licking my feet, happy in his subservience. A very domestic picture indeed.

Finally we went to bed. I made him kneel down alongside the bed to say his prayers while I fastened some good heavy authentic marine shackles to each ankle and each wrist. They were held together with chain and the two chains connected with a shorter chain.

"These are your 'pejamas' boy. If you are allowed to get in bed with me, you don't rub them up against me, understand asshole?"

"Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

"Lay down alongside the bed. If I want you I'll let you know." I heard the clank of the chains as he settled down on the small rug beside the bed. "When the alarm goes off in the morning I want you up and into the kitchen making coffee. Then you bring it back here and get your head down with a blow job." I like to wake up with a blow job.

"Yes Sir."

"Get up here, boy."

"Turn over, asshole." He did and I pushed my hard dick against his ass. "You want it dry, boy?"

He understood and went down slobbering all over it. I grabbed him by the hair and made him turn over again. The wet hard tip separated his asshole. I felt that little hole, quivering in anticipation. One thrust and the head was in. He was gasping. I turned him on his belly and shoved myself all the way in. This time he cried out. I pulled it out and he screamed again. In again, this time a lot easier and a lot quieter.

"Get your ass in the air." He did and I turned him every way but loose. It didn't take long to really fill him with a

full load. He was on his knees and I had his swollen balls in my right hand. I slapped his sides as I fucked him, riding him like a newly broken colt. I came with a roar and pulled out fast and painfully, turning him over and thrusting my dripping cock into his mouth. He licked it clean and I kicked him out of bed.

He lay back on his rug and when everything was quiet, I heard a soft, "Thank you, Sir." The slave had passed his first test.

The next morning when the alarm went off I heard the chains change position but little else. I got up and reached for The Belt. He heard me and started to get up.

"Stay where you are!" In about five minutes last night's belt marks were reestablished.

"When it is time to get up, you get up you sonofabitch!" There were a lot of "Yes, Sirs" and "I'm sorry, Sirs" and "Please, Sirs" as he crawled to the kitchen with me behind him belting his ass. I had a piss hard on and after dropping the belt, I held him by the hair as I shoved it into his mouth. He started to suck and got slapped for it. I pissed down his throat while he manfully struggled to swallow as fast as it came. He couldn't and I yanked it out of his mouth, pissing all over his kneeling body.

"Clean it up and get that coffee ready."

"Yes, Sir." I went back to bed.

He came back with the coffee, knelt down and put his head between my legs. I had a rather passable blow job while I drank coffee and looked at the morning paper.

"Call your office and tell them you won't be in today," I said as I headed for the shower.

And so it began. The next evening I decided to try my skill as an army barber and took clippers to his head. No recruit ever got a shorter or a worse haircut. That day he continued to wear the shackles and when I got home that evening, the house was immaculate, the fire started, dinner ready to serve and a tired but happy slave kneeling at my feet. We cut the legs off of his levis and the bottom half of his T-shirt got clipped. "Dressed" he was bare-legged and barefoot with his midriff just as bare. I fastened a small chain between the rings on his nipples and another chain from the center of that to the ring on his prick which therefore had to press up against his belly, necessitating his having to lay down on the toilet to pee (with permission, of course). Or just letting the liquid run down his legs.

I decided the guy had the makings of a showpiece. By now he had quit his job, cleared out his apartment and sold

his car. The money was put into a trust which required my signature for him to get at it. Essentially he had nothing, money, property, freedom, problems, decisions to make or even a name. He was "Boy" or any of a dozen expletives that I chose to call him.

As he continued his strict and heavy schedule at the gym and in my hillside back yard, his body began to respond very fast. His shoulders, chest, legs and arms showed the heavy exercise and work that he was being subjected to. His skin took on a golden glow from the sun, with no tan lines except for the chain around his neck. As his hair grew back, it would be removed and I added a ring to his navel and right ear. His diet consisted of table scraps after I had eaten and a mixture of protein powder, yeast, raw eggs, and god-knows-what prescribed by the expert at the gym.

When we went out to the bars on rare occasions, he wore his leather collar and what was left of his shirt and jeans. The chain between his tits and cock now had become a triangle and centered one's focus on the bulge between his bulging thighs. I had a number of offers for him but other than a loan or two, I never considered selling him.

If you think this is a do-it-yourself article, maybe it is. With my permission you can feel up my boy, even get your rocks off. I don't care if you want to smack him around under my supervision. I don't want the merchandise damaged but go ahead and use it, even abuse it. That is what it is for. But the next time you see us in a bar or at a run and you wonder who the blonde dude with the muscles and chains belongs to and whether or not it is open season, wonder no more. Don't try to talk to him. You won't get shit out of him. Come on over, say hello and give me a look at your slave. I'll return the courtesy.

You don't have a slave? Then go out and find one like I did. Even more, spend the time and trouble, the patience to shape him up and make him happy. The rewards of all that effort is standing before me now at attention, except for his arms behind him. He is naked just like he has been all this time. The metal he has on is permanent and he has cast his old life behind.

Now if you are thinking of such a commitment, think again. How serious are you and who is going to make it a reality for you?

Think about it and keep your hands away from that growing bulge in your pants, boy. □

FLESH

STRAIGHT
TO
HELL
Volume Two



LOVE AND HATE FOR THE AMERICAN STRAIGHT

Politically, *Straight To Hell* (and the anthologies *Meat/Flesh*) are libertine. Pro-homosexual, pro-women, pro-all minorities; anti-"straight", anti-American, un-American. You can't beat them, but at least hassle them.

Straight To Hell is not for the bourgeois who must try to be refined but for the true elite who

must try to be coarse. Not for the black of heart, who must wear a surface niceness, but for the basically innocent who can afford to talk coarsely. But while always coarse, we are never vulgar.

We do not advocate the overthrow of the American government. Johnson and Nixon and Reagan, and their millions of followers have already seen to that. They have south-americanized America.

"Straights" have a surface charm that comes from their membership in the overpowering sexual majority. This gives them a certain fearlessness that passes for masculinity. But at heart they are too timid and terrified of homosexuality to be of any real interest. Only men with balls dare to be different. The frightened ones do what the government or the church tells them. Usually this is: make war and money, not love. They need all the money and adventure they can get. But they are America's true perverts, because killing is the final perversion and America has become history's most unpredictable killer.

"Fag Baiting" is a sex substitute and additive. It is fighting homosexuality by fighting homosexuals. It is also a cover for homosexuality.

It stems from the feeling that if "straights" are carrying out their sexual assignments, why don't homosexuals have to? As the square press exposes "straights" for being corrupt, we expose them for being sexual frauds.

We don't reason with fag baiters—they need it too much. We are a journal of revenge therapy and simply call them names too. We are not racist; we hate all fag-baiters equally.

We oppose not only poor white trash but middle-class white trash, rich white trash, and famous white trash (like Nixon and Agnew). We support the minority of American men who are decent, like Ramsey Clark, Ralph Nader and Daniel Ellsberg.

Many more women than men are decent. We wish them power. The

only hope lies in girls growing up in this society or boys growing up in a later culture which does not instill in them the fear that it's sissy to be peaceful.

But right now, a majority of American men are mad in both senses: they are insane and they are enraged. They have really bombed. We don't want their respect since we have none for them. There are no born "straights", but many act "straight". We don't like actors.

—Boyd McDonald

SUCKING COCK AT MILITARY SCHOOL

Here is my first experience when I was in military school. There were many others, but there was only one first time. The first weeks were a blur of running to and from formations, being yelled at by every older boy, asking for permission to drink from a fountain, to piss, to shit, and being ordered to brace (stand at attention) for what seemed like hours.

One of the 3rd-formers who had undergone the treatment the year before told me to let the "crybabies" bear the brunt of the hazings, and that's what happened.

Most of the action took place after lights out, and some of my classmates came to dread that hour which usually began with the 2nd-formers prowling our quarters.

The first night it happened, my three roommates and I were almost asleep when our door opened and two upperclassmen appeared. They routed us out of bed and ordered us to strip off our pajamas, which three of us did, but our fourth roommate decided he'd had enough ordering about. Delighted at this act of disobedience, the older boys grabbed our roommate and while one held him, the other one tore off his pajamas, squeezing his nipples and pinching him.

They told us our roommate would be punished for not obeying an order and that we'd better shut up and watch.

Both upperclassmen opened their robes, revealing that they were wearing only jock straps. The jocks were bulging and carried the strong



photo circa 1867
San Francisco North Beach

odor of sweat. They threw their robes to the floor and I noticed for the first time that both guys were wearing their garrison belts above their jock straps. They threw our roommate to the floor, and while telling us how much pain they were going to inflict on his bare ass, they were gently rubbing the pouches of their jocks, almost like they were talking to themselves, but making sure our roommate would be reduced to a blubbing "crybaby".



One of the guys knelt in front of our roommate and held his arms so he couldn't move, the other bent over to take aim at the naked ass, tensed up in terror.

When the first blow smacked the bare flesh, our roommate must have come off the floor a couple of inches. He let out a loud yell. The guy with the belt quickly stripped down his jock and the two of them rammied it into the boy's mouth to cut down on the noise. But the sounds of that garrison belt whacking that bare ass were loud enough.

This was my first experience at seeing a real whipping, and my cock got as hard as it had ever been, hearing the muffled cries of our roommate being beaten by these two half naked gods, both of whom were also getting hard-ons. The guy doing the belting was stark naked and had a lot of dark hair around his

cock, and as he raised and lowered his arm with the belt, his body twisted; his cock got harder and harder as he brought the strap down again and again.

I looked at my other two roommates. Neither had a hard-on but both were shaking.

The victim's ass got bright red, with many darker red streaks criss-crossing. He had been reduced to a "crybaby", a term they seemed to use to use a lot at school.

The guy who had done the whipping stood with his legs apart, his cock sticking out, and ordered the kid to his knees. The kid started to remove the jock strap from his mouth and got a hard slap across the face for not getting permission. I remember the other guy saying to his buddy to be careful not to mark him up where it shows. The kid's ass was really marked up already.

The upper classman ordered him to lick the head of his cock. He told him that if he did, he would then be known as a cocksucker; if he didn't, he'd get a harder whipping and perhaps even the "shower room treatment", which sounded so evil. I almost wished our roommate would refuse so I could see what it was.

The kid began to lick the guy's cock. He looked like he was going to be sick any minute. I wished I was down there for the chance to lick that big, hard cock. I was to get my wish very soon.

Not being content just to have his dick licked, the older guy had our roommate lick his hairy balls—which we stared at in wonder.

BLACK MONTREAL STUDS

Montreal was, as usual, wild. Stayed until midnight at the Nep tune Ale House with the leather boys (I still occasionally wear my leather). Then we went to the Lime Light Club. Immediately there were the usual followers with goo-goo eyes.

Standing at the entrance to the dance floor were two black guys—one a Watusi type, lean and trim with a medium afro, light skinned, originally from Texas, now from Connecticut; his buddy Larry, the sexiest black stud you can imagine. And they were oggling me. Everyone knows you can't have what you want in a bar, but this time I did. We danced and kissed and carried on. Larry, like his friend, was in his late 20's; but he was jet black, muscular, with a shaved head. Furthermore, both were passive and quite turned on to me.



Soon we were at their motel. All the time me telling them things I was going to do to them. They had a hangup, they were such good friends they couldn't have a threesome. They did have adjoining rooms and all night long I was going back and forth from bed to bed. Larry, with his hard, tiny buns so edible and wild for it, let me nearly eat



my way to his guts. I showed him what a real session is when one turns on so intensely as he turned me on. Toe sucking, ass licking, ball sniffing, licking his shaved head, kissing him every place. He was torrid and when I fucked him he shot his wad.

Exhausted, he rolled over and slept and I went to his friend. His chocolate brown, lanky body was laid out like a picture against the

white background of the sheets. His cock was enormous. Like Larry, he was uncut. Larry, though well hung, did not have an extraordinary cock but his body made up for it. Ernest was horny from having heard his buddy's moans and pleas, and I soon treated him to the same session, driving him wild. Those long legs were soon up around me and I buried my dick to the nuts in his asshole. As I fucked I was able to suck on his cockhead.

We came together—and off to Larry I went for some sleep, curled up in his arms, the slightly sweaty smell of his body turning me on again. After we slept awhile he pushed his butt against me and we fucked again.

He got up to take a piss. I was not going to let that get away and pulled him to a squatting position so he could sit that black ass on my face. I begged him to piss. He was somewhat shook. No one had ever wanted that. When he was able to piss he did so and I knew it turned him on. After he screwed me in the morning he got up and lit a cigarette and stood there, hands on his hips, and said, "Well, come on, you must be thirsty again." I was

After he went back to bed I went back to the other guy and found his wang hard. He doesn't like to fuck but I wanted it and I soon had every inch of that big tool up my ass and got him off in a real wild fuck. I asked for piss. He had heard the scene I had with his buddy but I guess he was shy. He tried but managed only about a half cup or so.

COCKSUCKING IN VIETNAM

The only glory in Vietnam was the glory holes. The mere fact that we print this piece, "Cocksucking in Vietnam" does not mean that we supported this shameful war.

—McDonald

Chu Lai was an ugly American base 40 miles south of Da Nang but it had some beautiful cocks.

I was billeted in a hooch with the general's aides. Lieutenant Dick was 23, married, goodlooking, with a well-developed body and an average size cut cock. Lieutenant Hank

was 26, an ex-pro baseball player, married, had a long skinny cock with lots of overhang, and liked to drink, fuck and give guys like me a hard time. Lieutenant Joe, the baby, was a pleasant guy with an undersized, uncut cock—virgin, I think.

I had been there about a month when I got the first indication my roommates were available. They came in loaded one night and woke me up. I asked them what was up and Hank replied, "Three stiff pricks." Joe said they had given Dick a party, as he was leaving the next day for R&R to meet his wife.

"Hell," said Hank, "you can always have your wife but you probably won't have a chance for juicy Oriental pussy again. Just thinking about it makes me horny. I'm going to see if I can get the afternoon off tomorrow and get rid of all the excess starch I've been carrying around in my nuts." He was massaging a hard-on through his fatigues.

Dick said he'd be satisfied to use his hand—he wasn't going to stick his dick in any cunt but his wife's. He was afraid of VD.

"Shit," said Hank, "if you can't use a stray cunt, how about a nice hot sanitary mouth? I'll bet Bobby

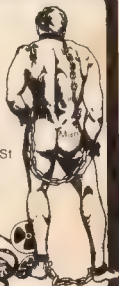
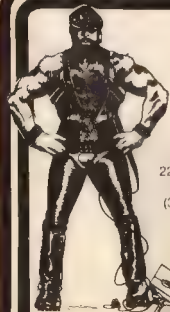
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here can give a mean blow job." I was stunned. I had never given them any cause to think I was a cocksucker. I had sneaked looks at their flopping cocks and balls as they walked naked around the hooch. I didn't say anything. I just sat there as Hank dropped his pants, grabbed his hard prick, pointed it at me, and skinned the very generous foreskin back over a rather attractive cock-head. "Come on, Bobby-boy, suck the starch out of my nuts. My fuckin' prick is all clogged up from lack of jovin' Dick. I don't know why we have to go elsewhere when we have a cocksucker right here in our own

The General gave Hank permission to spend a few days on another general's yacht, and with Dick away on R&R, Joe suddenly turned nudist. Every chance he had he paraded nude in front of me. At night he would lie nude on top of his sheet and moan and groan until he fell asleep. A couple of times I was tempted to give him the relief he needed but, miraculously, I held off.

I thought I had gotten away with it that night Hank shoved his prick in my mouth but when Dick got back from R&R I found I hadn't. On his second night back he was laying

eat on a real studs asshole (as long as he is clean), although most studs will spread their cheeks for me when they discover what they want.

Dick loved it; everything I did caused him to moan and sigh. I dropped his legs and went to work on his cock again. All the while I was working furiously on his cock, he was thrashing around on the bed and moaning, "Holy Christ... Beautiful... Jesus, what a cocksucker... oh!..."

When his cock began to spurt spicy come up against the roof of my mouth, I sucked lovingly on it, swishing my tongue around crazily and gasping for breath and trying to swallow his rich copious cream. I couldn't imagine what he'd been doing with his wife because after only two days back in Chu Lai his balls were overloaded with come. I was greedily guzzling down the last few drops when he reached down to push my head away and said, "That's all."

Just then the lights went on. "No," Hank said, "that isn't all. He's got two more cocks to eat before he's through. You first, Joe, because he's going to be working on my prick for a long time."

Still on my knees, I swivelled around to face the two lieutenants towering over me. I saw Joe's fatigues slide down and the shaft of his small dick expanding and pulling the foreskin back, exposing the head of his cute little cock. I smiled and, extending my long tongue out as far as I could, lapped up some of Dick's come that I felt dribbling down my chin.

"Jesus," Hank said, "Look at the fucking cocksucker. He loves it. Look at him trying to lap up all Dick's come." With his hand he guided my head over to Joe's stiff morsel and said, "Christ, we've got it made. No more quickie hand jobs in the latrine at 2 am. No more paying for a case of the clap at Tom Ky. No, sir. From now on Bobby's going to be right here to draw the starch out of us whenever we want it done."

Joe, who apparently had never had his pecker in a mouth before, began to quiver and moan. A greenhorn, he just couldn't stand the heat and in less than two minutes had started pumping generous amounts of sperm down my greedy gullet. As I struggled to swallow all of Joe's juice I heard Hank's fatigues hit the deck and the bastard said, "I wonder if he's any good up his ass? I her cocksuckers like to get fucked in the butt."

It sounded like St. Peter telling me my future in heaven was assured. □



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hooch. That's what you're here for, Bobby-boy, right? To take care of the general's aides."

Dick and Joe didn't say anything. Hank moved right up the side of my bed. His stiff prick was level with my face and pointed right at my mouth. I was mortified. I was sure men in other barracks could hear Hank yelling. When I opened my mouth to tell him to knock it off he shoved his prick right in my mouth. My first reaction was reflexive: I swished my tongue around the ridge of his glans, seeking his piss hole. Only for a moment, though, for I realized I'd be dead if I gave in.

"Get the fuck away from me, you drunken bastard," I said, as I spit his cock out. "If you're so fucking horny go over to the latrine and jack off. I'm not eating your smelly cock." Hank got pissed and kept after me, but Joe and Dick finally convinced him that he needed a shower.

naked in his bunk looking at the nudes in some old Playboys. Hank and Joe were at a movie. I turned out the light over my sack and was about to crawl in when I looked diagonally across the hooch. Dick was lying on his side facing me, slowly manipulating his beautiful stiff dick. The Playboy centerfold was spread out beside him but he was looking at me, smiling. It took me three seconds to get over to his sack, kneel down and swallow his six inches of thick, iron-hard prick down my throat.

"Wait," he whispered, "turn out the light." While I did that he cleared the Playboys off his bed and fell back spread-eagle. I sucked his gorgeous cock, lapped his luscious balls and, pushing against the back of his legs, raised his compact butt up to my mouth and with my lips and tongue went to work on his virgin asshole. I suppose some guys would be repulsed because I love to



RUN
NO
MORE

Larry
Townsend

DRUMMER'S

BONUS BOOK SECTION

CHAPTER TEN

KURT HAD AN EARLY CLASS ON THE BEGINNERS' SLOPE the following morning. Jim and I got up with him, and we were at the main hotel shortly after the dining room opened. We'd borrowed a few marks from Kurt, so playing my role as "rich American" to the hilt, I had a phone brought to our table and placed a call to London. Bert answered in a sleepy voice after the sixth or seventh ring. "Ogh, it's barely the crack of dawn," he groaned.

"Are you awake enough to understand me?" I asked. I could hear some rustling sounds, after which my uncle's voice came through more stridently and with an undertone of anxiety. "All right; what's happened?" he asked.

I explained about the mechanism and about the possibility of his crest being the item the skinheads were after. There was a deep silence on the other end of the line. "Are you still there? You do remember it, don't you?" I urged.

"Oh, yes... yes, I remember it. For a moment, though, I couldn't recall exactly what I'd done with it."

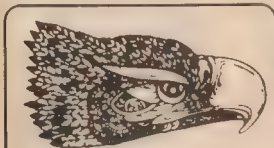
"You do now, I hope."

"I used to have it in the library, hanging on a wall between a pair of bookcases. The maid knocked it down... oh, a year ago or better... broke the ring off the back. I'd completely forgotten, but I gave it to Harry Sheers... you know, the chap who makes all the metal toys. In any event, he was to re-weld the hanger. You know, I never thought of picking it up from him. Rather an ugly piece at first... only took it because Alfred insisted." He made no reference to the mechanism, and I had the feeling he had almost expected it to be found... eventually, if not sooner. I wondered, too, how much planning and deductive reasoning had been carried on outside my presence.

"Can you get it?" I asked eagerly.

"Certainly."

"How soon can you get back here with it?"



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"I'll try to get a flight this evening, at least by tomorrow morning. By the way, you might give Edgar a message for me. I tell him that matter we discussed seems to be as we perceived..."

"Edgar's not here..." I said. "He's gone to Munich... day before yesterday."

"The same day I left!" Bert's voice had suddenly taken on more than an edge of surprise; he sounded almost alarmed.

"Well, yes," I stammered. "That's what Kurt told us, anyway."

Again my uncle was silent for several seconds. "I'll be there... evening," he said softly. "Er... keep an eye open for Edgar, and... I wouldn't mention our conversation... or the time of my return to anyone."

"Okay, but Alfred knows I'm calling you. And he's the one who found the dohickey," I reminded him.

"Well, Alfred will have to know. But no one else," he added firmly.

"The only other person is Kurt. Why...?"

"Do as I ask, Wayne," he said sternly. "I will explain when I get there."

I hung up the phone with a strange feeling of ominous portent. This was the first instance where it occurred to me we might be in danger. From Bert's responses, I presumed he must have reached some conclusion, or formulated some plan with Edgar. I even wondered if this might have been his real reason for going home. I couldn't accept Kurt's complicity... not really... and not in bright daylight after rising fresh from his bed. I recognized the ambivalence of this particular feeling, of course... there had been other moments when I had seen him differently... had felt both fear and suspicion. But last night he had been restrained in our scene, friendly before and after, and anything I would have called his sleeping with us as an act of love.

More to the point, I could not imagine any reason for Kurt to act against the interests of our group. True, he seemed to have more money right now than he did the previous summer. His motorcycle was new as were most of his clothes and many of the items in his room. I discussed this with Jim, whose feelings toward Kurt were more uncertain than mine. On the subject of Kurt's moderate affluence, Jim also noted the couple pairs of new skis and the well-stocked liquor cabinet.

"But he works his ass off," I pointed out. "...tour guide all summer and fall, ski instructor during the winter. And... well, in addition to the tips he probably gets... from time to time..."

"I know. He hustles," Jim finished for me.

The term made it sound so cold and so wrong I hated to agree with him, but I knew it was true. I also knew that if it had to be a member of our group using the ghost mechanism, Kurt was the most likely candidate.

"Which means you did right not to tell him about finding the equipment," Jim insisted. The sharpness of his tone cut through my other thoughts and brought me back to face him.

"Yeah, I guess so," I agreed unhappily. "But from Bert's remarks... I wonder if Edgar really did go to Munich."

"Where else do you think he might be?"

In my own mind, now, I was visualizing all sorts of things that could have happened... including murder. Yet I could not quite believe Kurt capable of anything approaching such an act. I looked into Jim's face and gestured helplessly with my hand. "What do you think?" I asked softly. My jaw was trembling at this point, and I think I was actually on the verge of tears. Jim's eyes may have been a little watery, too.

He shook his head. "I don't know," he whispered. The waiter came to collect the phone and refill our coffee cups, after which we sat quietly sharing our unspoken fears. "The plow should be heading up the hill pretty soon," I suggested at length. "Maybe we should get out there and hitch a ride."

We were not in time to catch the truck and had to walk most of the way to Alfred's cottage before we overtook it. But having the road clear made it an easy trek. The sun was beating down from a clear sky, heralding a warmer, storm-free day. I should have been in the best of spirits, especially as we seemed to have joined the most perplexing pieces of our puzzle. I knew, now, that the ghost was a hoax; and I had good reason to assume the plaque my uncle was bringing that night would provide another key. I had just left the warmth of a cozy threesome, enjoyed a splendid breakfast, served in the grand manner of the main hotel. I was strolling through a picture postcard setting with a guy I was really fond of... with a guy I loved, damn it!

But, I had communicated my apprehension to Jim, interpreting Bert's warning in the most ominous way possible. As a result of this, we had both begun to worry about Edgar. We had gone by his room after leaving the hotel and he was still missing. I had a heavy lump in the pit of my stomach as I thought about Kurt. Cold and hard as I knew him capable of being, only a part of my mind was willing to accept the possibility of his committing an act of violence. The other half of my reasoning denied his ability to harm a guy who was supposed to be a friend. What elevated the level of anxiety, what bothered me most, I think—bothered Jim, too—was the complete uncertainty. The alternatives were poles apart, and there seemed no middle ground. If Kurt were involved at all in some nefarious plot, and if some harm had come to Edgar, the guilt was so gross there could be no mitigation. If he wasn't involved, we were harboring a dreadful set of suspicions.

There was still another factor that bothered me, because I could accept the possibility of Kurt's having struck out in a fit of jealous rage. If he had shoved Edgar on the slope, or if he had done anything else to him, it might have been because Kurt saw him as a sexual rival. I tried to tell myself that this was no more than a manifestation of my own vanity, but I knew Kurt well enough to recognize the potential. The fear remained, hovering as the ominous shadow of guilt in the back of my mind.

It was Jim who put it into words, shortly before we caught up with the plow. "If Kurt did do something to Eddie, I don't imagine your having climbed into bed with the fellow made the blow land any the softer."

"We don't know that anything's happened to Edgar," I countered defensively. "Besides, we don't know that it's not a completely unknown person... or that someone else is in cahoots..."

"Who?" Jim demanded. "It couldn't be you or me... or Bert. We weren't even here when all this nonsense started. What about Alfred, himself?"

"Yes, what about Alfred?" I returned harshly. "Don't forget, he found the mechanism. That would sort of let him off as a suspect, wouldn't you say?"

"Unless he produced it to cover up."

We reached the snow plow at this point, and we climbed onto the back, waving to the guys who stood on the front fenders, guiding the driver. We didn't say much more, because one of the young men was always close enough to hear us. You never knew how well any of these resort-town people could understand English. I don't think either of us really harbored any suspicion of Alfred, anyway, which left only Kurt... still assuming there had to be a guilty party among our group.

Alfred said nothing when we told him that Edgar was not back in his room. Instead, the old man carefully extracted the mechanism from its hiding place in a kitchen cabinet and set it on the floor, across from the stove. "I have looked this over carefully," he told us, "and I think I have found how it works. I waited for your return to try it."

He looked at us expectantly, and I knew he was anxious to put his theory to the test. "God knows when Edgar'll get back," I said. "Maybe we ought to go ahead."

The caretaker moved eagerly about the mechanism, setting several springs and levers. His normally stolid composure had given way to an almost childish anticipation. "I did not actually do this on my own," he continued as he bent over the collection of transistors, wires and bits of tubing. "I am certain the gas cylinders must be close to empty."

"Maybe it won't work at all," I suggested.

"We shall see," said Alfred. He seemed to have everything set as he wanted it, stood up and pulled the shutters to close out the light. The room was not completely dark, but close enough for our purposes. "I am not certain what was actually used to achieve it," he went on, standing back from the contrivance and poking at it with the end of a broom handle. "But I am sure this will release the mainspring." He nudged a knob on the top and almost immediately the nylon bladder expanded. A split second later a cloud of semiphenophorescent vapor began to rise.

"Stay very still," he cautioned us. "We are closer than we are supposed to be."

The cloud billowed up, reaching a height of about five feet. At this level the topmost portion became too heavy for the nebulous mass to sustain. It doubled over, hanging almost motionless in the air. Had I seen it at a distance, under the peculiar lighting conditions in the castle, I might well have taken it to be the figure of a hooded monk.

As we continued to watch, the cloud drifted gently toward the wall, away from the stove. In another couple of seconds it would have struck the vertical surface. Alfred grasped my arm and propelled me toward. "Grab for it!" he told me. "Try to take hold of it."



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I made a lunge for the floating, vaporous form. The rush of air about my body made its fragile structure dissolve. I was acutely aware of a chill, however, a decidedly colder aura about the general area of the cloud. I mentioned this, and Alfred nodded in satisfaction. "Yes, yes, of course," he said with a gleam of delight in his eyes. "It uses plain water and compressed carbon dioxide and some other gas... or combination of gases, something containing phosphorus, I would guess. I am not a chemist, but that much is obvious."

"So that's all there was to the ghost," I sighed. I sat down on one of the chairs, watching as Alfred put the contrivance away. "Would you care to venture a guess as to who put it there?" I asked.

Alfred looked back and forth between us. "I think we know who may have done it," he said sagely. "The most important question now is, 'Why?'"

"I still think the Nazis must have hidden a treasure in the castle," said Jim. "If Kurt found out about it..."

Alfred raised a restraining finger. "Let us not speak in personalities," he cautioned. "We do not know that Kurt did this thing. We think he may have. That is all. I could have done it, or any of you could have done it in conjunction with someone from the village. No, we cannot be sure it is Kurt. As for any treasure, I would have my doubts. After all, the war is over since almost thirty years. If there were something of value in the castle, whoever hid it would have come after it a long time ago."

"What, then?" I asked.

Alfred shrugged eloquently. "We must wait and see."

We worked outside with Alfred during the afternoon, chopping wood and stacking it, helping him replace some boards which had come loose on the out-buildings during the last storm. The old man kept some chickens in a shed behind the larger storage building, and we pulled one of the heaters out to clean

it. Around three o'clock we could see clouds begin to gather above the mountains... a great, black mass that slowly spread like a shroud of anger across the lighter blue. By four it was obvious we were in for another heavy fall of snow.

The storm broke before dinner, carried on winds of such force and violence it was necessary to shutter the windows from the outside. The howling storm made the little cottage seem all the more warm and cozy. "Thank God you made your heroic descent last night, instead of tonight," I remarked to Jim.

"Even duty wouldn't call me forth in this," he said soberly.

I grinned at him, which brought a like response to his lips. We were sitting at the kitchen table and I reached across to lay my hand on top of his. I was experiencing a strangely moving set of responses. Jim had suddenly assumed an importance to me that transcended any feeling I had ever had for anyone else. My attraction to him comprised an unfamiliar blend of desire and tenderness, an urging from deep within my being that almost lifted me from the chair and drove me into his arms. I resisted it, realized I was a little frightened by it. His casual remark about "duty" held a double meaning, I thought. He was kidding me... or chiding me, trying to tell me something I was not prepared to grasp. I knew it had not been "duty" which called him out the evening before, but if it wasn't "duty" what was it? The answer was obvious, and it was this which scared me.

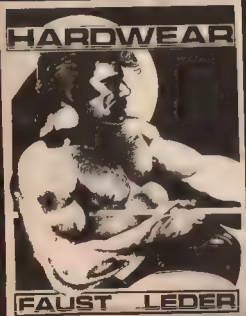
But why should I be afraid of it? I admitted this afternoon that I loved him... didn't mean it quite that way... many forms of love. But right now... I tightened my grip upon the back of Jim's hand, gazing intently into his face and receiving a serious, unblinking return. Slowly, his hair-formed fist turned over, came palm-up against my own. His fingers closed with mine and we held together without speaking for a long, long while. The emotions which bubbled up inside my chest were almost choking me. I wanted to cry and laugh at the same time, but when I tried to speak my jaw was trembling and I knew I'd blubber if I made any attempt to put these feelings into words.

Alfred had finished his chores and was stacking the dinner dishes in the cupboard. He had undoubtedly been watching us, though Jim and I were completely oblivious to anything outside ourselves. Both of us jumped when he spoke. "It is time for bed," he said softly. "If Bert reaches the village tonight, he will not be able to get up here till morning. I am sure you will not object if I leave you alone." He went into his room off the kitchen, and for the first time I could remember his doing it, he closed the door behind him.

Without discussing it, or so much as a word to communicate our thoughts, Jim and I stood up and came together in an exchange of love and passion that almost knocked me off my pins. I found myself clinging to my companion, shifting my feet to keep on balance as the sum total of my consciousness seemed channeled into him. Our mouths were open, our tongues probing deeply, our bodies breathing in unison... or coordinated opposition. I felt a part of him, knew a unity never found in any previous interhuman relationship.

Outside, the shrieking howl of the storm had cut us off from communication with the greater world. The house was an island of warmth and safety; within its enclosing protection we formed a smaller unity unto ourselves.

Moments later we were in our room, casting off our clothes in the chilly air, sliding together between the freezing surfaces of the sheets. Yet I was aware only of the warmth, the drawing power of his body and the unnamed valence which made me want him. It was sexual, of course. My rod was soaring, jutting pinnacle against his body... just as his bloated sex slid hard and fast on me. But the raging sensual desires were smothered in another complex of pressing awareness.



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Never in my life had I wanted something... someone... so desperately, held that person in my arms and still been less than satisfied. There was no way to get enough of him, no possible necromancy to join us completely enough to satisfy my raging torment. Our arms and legs had locked our physical beings together until no modicum of space remained between. And still it was not sufficient.

Finally, when our lips had parted long enough for my lungs to recapture a semblance of rhythmic order, when the darkness of the room obscured the moisture brimming in my eyes, I spoke the simple phrase "I love you." I'd said it before, I guess, I'd certainly heard others speak the words to me, and in the height of passion I'm sure I must have responded. But they had never held the meaning as they did in those moments. They were inadequate, so overused and so familiar they failed to approach an expression of the tremendous, unimaginable emotion that drove them out of me. "I love you," I whispered again, and before Jim could answer me our mouths were sealed together. His body expressed the response, and the eloquence of our desperate grappling belied the importance of verbal protestations.

As the first swelling tide subsided and we lay together, allowing our minds and bodies to regenerate their energies, I found myself wondering how long I'd been denying this... how long I'd known a bond existed between us, yet forced it aside and channeled my lust into a purely physical, sexual mode. I remembered my concern when I thought the skinheads might be going to kill him, but I'd feared the same for myself. Perhaps the test was less than fair. Still, despite my own predicament, I had been afraid for Jim and I had sweated out his welfare as much or more than my own. The previous summer I'd made a scene with him, used him harshly in the first exchange where I had really been the top man. Had I felt it then? I decided not. I had been too wrapped in my own lust and egocentric desires. I had let my wildest feelings loose and had battered him without concern for any pleasure or its lack on his part.

Later, I had thought of Jim during the long months of separation, but always in some context with my uncle. He'd been an adjunct of this, an integral extension of that stronger personality. Even now, when I was freely confessing my love for him, I found some element of Bert. It is difficult to explain, but while the aura of love surrounded us and cut us off from any other entity, formed an impenetrable wall against all others, I knew that my uncle could somehow enter if he wished. I'd known, or assumed, that Jim and Bert were united in more than a servant-master relationship. This would surely have to continue, but the idea did not disturb me. I could not see how the parts might fit, but I sensed the possibility—the propriety—of its happening.

The churning motions of our feet had shoved the comforter off the bed, leaving us naked and exposed to the chill of the room. As we twisted together, one sliding atop the other, then twisting back and pulling the positions into reverse, I was completely unaware of the cold. I felt only the heat of Jim's body and my own, radiated warmth and energy that was more than enough to compensate for the outside temperature. My companion eased me back against the mattress and gently disengaged his lips from mine. His breathing left a trail of hot, dissipating moisture along my throat and down the upper part of my chest. I felt his open mouth come down about one nipple, the pressure of teeth against the skin as my flesh was drawn into him and his tongue made circles of searing sensation about the tiny nub.

His one arm rested on the bed beside my ear; the other grasped the base of cock and balls, held and twisted them, giving rise to a further tide of sensuality. I felt weak and helpless, opened my lips when his mouth

sought mine again and the weight of his chest came down upon me. It was sex and physical enjoyment such as I'd never known... a combination of desires expressing themselves in a manner so intense and so foreign to anything I'd imagined before that I responded without any considered control... really had no idea what I was going to do until I did it.

We held one another, twisted and clung, kissed and explored each other's body as though we'd never met before. And, in this sense, we had not. I finally turned Jim onto his back, wrapped my arms about the undersides of his legs and shoved his thighs down atop his chest. My cock was gleaming wet and hard from his mouth when I placed it to the tightly closed ring of muscle... eased myself inside, trembled on the verge of climax as his sphincter gripped me, paused and waited for the spasms to subside. Slowly, then, I let my rod descend, dropped inside him, entered him with a sense of joining our flesh in the fullest possible measure. I kissed him as I felt the grasping ring hold desperately about the base of my shaft, as my balls came to rest upon the solid wall of his underbody. I let the weight of my chest come down on his, and I snaked my arms around his waist, forcing his legs more firmly against the sides of his slender torso.

I rode against him with the same passion I had known the night before. But now I found a greater pleasure, a fulfillment of such magnitude it made the previous thrill seem pale and of a lesser order. There was a meaning to every motion and a sense of joining more than flesh to flesh each time I rammed my loins along my shaft. Though I tried, I could not restrain my urgent craving. I felt the ultimate gathering through my balls and the pricking of its swelling all about my loins. I might still have held it back, but I was powerless to restrict my passion. When I came it was in an explosion of emotional as well as physical release, a debilitating flood that drained and sapped me. Afterward I lay in

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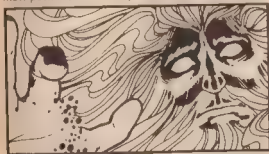
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place, reluctant to break the contact, to remove the rigid bridge of love which never softened nor lost its ability to sustain the sense of unity.

When Jim finally eased me back and off him, I rolled onto my side with a sense of loss... almost sorrow that the magic of this special moment had been brought to an end. Seconds later, he had swung himself to his knees and had pressed me down so I lay beneath him, each of us assuming the reverse of our previous positions. He leaned over me, suspending his weight on his arms as he kissed me, as his own rigid projection grazed the glowing flesh of my midsection. He pulled away at last and trailed his tongue the length of my body, laved along the sides of my loins, rekindled the sleeping passions and placed his hands about the backs of my thighs. He pushed them down... exactly as I had done to him, except he now dropped his lips against my anus, plunged his tongue inside and brought me back to a state of trembling expectancy.

This was also something new to me. I'd never made it with any partner, fucked him and come in the process, only to have him straddle me, and prepare to do the same without an intervening time to recoup the dwindling energies and desires. But I wanted him to do it, and I willed him into it. Then, when I felt the head of his cock inside my body I responded with a frenzied urgency, clamped my hands against the tight drawn cheeks of his ass and drove him deep and full within me. I'd forced a burning thrill, subjected myself to pain that turned to blinding, searing joy. Dominating all other awareness was the knowledge that a part of him was in me, that we were joined again and expressing our love again in this poignant symbolism... in the most positive, sensual way it could be expressed.



Jim made his moment last far longer than I had been able to do. Somehow, he restrained himself, delivered an endless, forceful, deep-thrust set of feelings. His hands had closed about my wrists, holding them at my sides as his arms restricted the position of my legs. He was pinning me with the weight of his body, of his love, and I surrendered completely to the hammering possession. My balls were crushed beneath the lunging rhythm of his groin, crushed and freed and crushed again. I felt the lunging motion of his sac across my ass, the slapping fall of it each time he drove his rod inside me. My own cock stretched full and hard again, trapped between us and rubbled by the movement of his loins on mine. I was aroused and on the verge of release when I felt his muscles tighten and heard the sharp intake of air which foretold his pending climax. He lifted his entire body for several moments, but in flexed and trembled passion as his seed dripped against me and he began to flood inside me. Then he dropped against me once again the walls of our bodies sealed in unbroken unity. Between us, my own rush of lust rose up and blasted free, spewing its slippery coating across my stomach and his, lubricating the surfaces and increasing the ease of his sliding, driving motions.

Later, we washed ourselves and returned to cling one against the other beneath the feather coverlet. We

talked in whispers of the many subjects that rose within our stimulated minds. Sleep was out of the question; our mutual discovery was too exciting. Jim admitted his love for Bert, and confessed the depth of that attachment. He did not describe the full details of the relationship, but I was already formulating a picture of it for myself. The important point in all he said was the assurance that my entry into their lives had been foreseen... not quite in the manner it had come about, but my uncle's feelings were compatible with our own. This much Jim assured me, and while I didn't fully understand I found the idea peculiarly acceptable.

"We've been together for so long, you see," he concluded, "that we know the feelings we share are not going to break because of you. We have always permitted each other to have his own affairs outside our shared existence. With you, I can only suggest you wait. See how things work out and satisfy yourself that I am right. You will have your own place and find your own satisfaction in it; of this I'm certain. For Bert even more than for me, perhaps, you will fill a void that seems to have developed between us. Bert saw this when you arrived last summer, and he has only waited for the proper moment... the time when you could form the missing part for us."

"I don't really understand you," I admitted. "You're talking in a kind of riddle, but right now I'd believe anything you said... do anything you ask and never question it. I didn't understand, but I sensed some secret shared between the two of them that left this door open for me. I suppose I might have been hurt by Jim's reticence, but strangely enough I wasn't. I felt the final answer was just around the corner. Regardless of any other circumstances, I was happier right then than I had ever been before. I would have accepted any conditions to retain that fulfillment, regardless what these might have been."

Just before we fell asleep I made some remark about being grateful Jim's abuse by the skinheads hadn't been any worse, and this led to a short, sleepy discussion of those dreadful couple of days in London. "They had obviously been instructed not to kill us," Jim observed. "Remember how upset they got when they thought they'd done me in?"

"Instructed? You don't think they were acting on their own?"

"Not for a minute!"

"Who, then...?" I asked.

"Who, indeed? The most obvious point was their age. Those fellows were in their early twenties... much too old to be what they appeared to be. They were acting as agents for some else, possibly..."

"Agents!" The word held a different meaning for me, conjured all sorts of images of spies and wild scenes from a James Bond thriller. "Maybe they were some kind of neo-Nazi," I suggested.

Jim hugged me closer and kissed me. "It's a bit far-fetched," he whispered, "but until we can think of something better..." He snuggled lower in the bed, holding me to him, his arm pressing my head against his chest.

"But if Kurt had some part in all this, he's maybe working with those creeps in London," I insisted. "And I've been wondering," I added, "if he was the one who used the junk Alfreid found, how did he get rid of it afterward... hide it beforehand, for that matter?"

I felt Jim shrug. "Anyone who knew the passageways could have helped him," he mumbled. "Could be anyone..."

"Except you or me," I sighed contentedly.

"All the world is queer save thou and me; and at times I have my doubts of thee!" he muttered softly. A moment later I felt his even breathing and knew he had fallen asleep.



COPPERHEAD

by Bill Saint Clair

could have died doing that. Why didn't the snake bite?"

"He didn't dare," I said, then handed over my pet to the waiting Humboldt. "I certainly don't know how the snake felt about it, but I'm going to find out very soon."

The straps retracted into the grid above, and a stainless steel web sling descended, an immaculately made affair that adjusted to fit the contours of any occupant. Clints of nazariz light dazzled off its woven nets. With Humboldt's help, I lifted my ensemble of liquid muscle onto the cradle, placed his arched feet into the stirrups, rested his head carefully on a pad, then pinned both my arms to the shoulders in a nearby vat of warm mineral oil. I inserted my right thumb into his ass and massaged the rectal muscles.

"When I've done with you, my friend, you will know you have reached the summit of your life. And possibly I will know something, too."

I made my hand an arrow and quietly slid it past the first gates of his body. I explored the chamber where Orzoborn had before me slithered around so busily, rubbing scaled against mucous tissue. I added the tough muscles of his abdominal wall, the arrow of ridges he possessed, the warmth building to a mild fever. Gradually but steadily in rhythm to his breathing, allowing him moments to begin the long task of relaxing he would travel for me. We would cross a universe together.

"I know what the snake felt in your body, but you know what the snake knows," I said. "Your drugs were laced with his venom, which in a very small dose acts both as antioxin and as an irritant with a few other chemicals I have found that act synergistically as a psychotropic agent. You have, I can impart it, the serpent's wisdom, very much the way Don Juan imparted the eagle's. Learn from it, Copperhead. This is no longer fun and games."

Intense light seemed to focus on the boy as he lay throbbing before me, his body engulfing my wrist, then my forearm, soon my entire lower arm to the elbow. As I plunged carefully deeper into the sigmoid rectum and nearer his heart—his drumbeat of arterial pressure chasing my own heightened blood pace—I began to sense whorls of energy around my arm. It was like an invisible magnet field coiling around an armature, and with it his body began to move in contracting spasms while he moaned softly. Then louder. It was happening. It was beginning, the full collapse of layers of adaptation to civilized life. I gazed astounded, yet confident I knew what I was doing, but I didn't. Only he knew.

Once past my elbow, Copperhead entered the suburbs of Nirvana. He was oblivious to detail of location—who he was, or had been, where he was, all of the temporal nonsense. Wind on stone whistled through the air to counterpoint his long moans. The timbre began to drop to a deep earth-wrenching bass, a growl out of time supremely ancient. I braced his body a bit on the sling and clasped his right bicep with my left hand, probed the taut distended aniling slowly with supreme loving slowness, a heroic love (for I had invaded holy ground), then began the final smashing assault on his body with my second hand—first two fingers probing for a locus of play, then with all five digits added to the brutal circumference of twenty inches provided by a flexed upper arm. The minute journey of my second arm up the course of my first... shattering supernova of light, molten phosphorous. I would create a fusion furnace.

As the ridge of knuckles began to vanish inside his body, my hand so hard-pressed I could feel it separating the fibers of my right bicep, Copperhead started a curious pitching. I could not stop it, nor did I want to. I signalled Humboldt to help brace the boy, this creature no longer or ever again a boy, and before his rhythmic thrusts could break pace I inserted the whole hand, quickly fisting it to seal the event.

Moans scaled up to a low screaming wail.

I began to raise the writhing mass of its cradle. He would take both my arms now, gravity would demand it. I wanted to see him slide down the double shaft of muscle raised over my head. The more his body bucked and twisted, trying almost to envelope itself, the more his ass swallowed my arms, aided by a peristaltic grip-and-release from his wrenching butt. I had him over me, finally, flopping like a hooked flounder desperate for freedom. He pitched his legs backward in a reflex, as though his body sought to break an awful suction that would not stop building, until ultimately he threw his feet so far back he grasped his ankles with his hands, bent nearly in two and impaled on my arms.

I turned to Humboldt, who stared unashamed. We had never gone this far or taken these risks. That the boy was alive and breathing, although fiercely appalled him. The flashes from those green eyes seemed now deadly, a gorgon's curse. We had explored the unexplorable—my hands wrung together and in their holy grief worried out a man's entrails. I had gone too far, at last. I approached Humboldt face to face and rested the two globes of Copperhead's ass on the crown of the Greek's shining head, using it as a brace to pull gently downward. Each arm was a slithering python taking its polite leave, an agonizing leave. I was struck by how sad it was to keep this sacred warmth, but I knew there was yet another plateau to reach, a destination. My new creature must have its first victim. I braced for a final assault on Copperhead's shredded human past.

I could not see Humboldt's face for my own arms as they emerged glimmering under the light. I had to be careful and quick to bring off the next stunt. I would murder by a joke. And with nature—gravity. Obscene nature, naturally, as nature often finds herself to be. All that remained of my support now were two praying fists, wrist poised over a shaven head. With a sharp downthrust—was I docking a spaceship?—I slashed my hands over Humboldt's head and down his ears. Pressure of a famished asshole followed me. Copperhead would rest on the head, would pause, sense the object to be engorged, would sense deep into himself the necessary muscular control, the slackening of tissue, the inhuman stretch, and he would elegantly descend...

Over forehead, over suddenly panicked eyes, fluttering lashes, paralyzed responses—total fright!—because the rectum must be filled. I watched a rectal cavity, no vacuum on earth more abhorred, devour a man's head. The scarlet genitals of the slowly descending Copperhead seemed to burst, then in fact did, jissom catching me in the face in ropes of energy when the groin closed over Humboldt's poor nose, the nose no doubt having a trigger effect on Copperhead's prostate gland. Like an awful comic mask, a human pelvis wore a human neck, and Humboldt's brief struggle ended in a minute with collapse. Copperhead had had his quarry slumped over on the black surface spent of life. I felt the tendrils of horror fall over me, even me. Copperhead lay in undulating ecstasy, twisting the eaten head—surely the neck was broken by now—savoring the immense urgency of his lust. His eyes now were utterly blown out, wild and unseeing, his red mane matted solid in oil and sweat. He slithered about the floor in crazed contortions. I wondered when exhaustion and the action of his drugs would stop, because everything tonight was an experiment. And the head? How to uncouple Humboldt from his killer? I was Dr. Frankenstein with his monster and the monster's naughty pranks I must deal with, must, obviously, remain in control or lose control of everything, forever. I could feel needles of panic in my back.

I approached the still-restless Copperhead and seized his groin with both hands, inserting my thumbs into his ass above Humboldt's throat. Calving must be like this, I thought, having never calved. But the head must come out. I found it

chin—now slack and surprisingly moveable—and began to prize it forward. Copperhead bucked and squeezed and tightened his anal ring, with what energy I can only guess. My hands were stronger. I had the dead man's mouth with my thumbs now, my hands on his jaw, pulling inexorably. If I can simply get the nose out...I'll probably have to break it. There! The nose appeared, somewhat smashed, then a bloody face, eyes deadily open and cracked forever, shards of sight smothered by panic. Impatient, I jerked the head forward and free. And Copperhead fell back on his shoulders, onto his side, threw his legs back behind him and grasped them and drew himself into a knot, tipping over now to regard me, chin and neck propped on the floor, his knees pressed against his head, his dick obscenely draped over his coppery head. I was, finally, shocked. He dared not do it, I thought, not after everything he has done. I had to deal with Humboldt. I could not look at the heap of body in front of me, but that horror was nothing against the lurking Copperhead nearby. His body trembled lightly with shivers that seemed to wrap him in a protective, deadly cocoon. Touch me not, I could hear him signal. An awful grin broke on his

mouth, an evil tongue darting between his lips. I saw dangerous muscular cordage ride over his thighs as he arched even more acutely to graze his anus with the back of his head. In a sudden sweep of his extended legs around him, a maneuver that startled me in my astonished gaze, he thrust his legs before him, increasing the angle of incredible doubling and—spineless now, utterly serpentine and no longer human—separated his legs at the crotch enough to sit right on his head. I saw the drooping dick climb over his nose and flick his grinning lips, I saw the reddish hair gradually disappear. His ass now held his forehead just above his eyes, and in one side of his mouth nestled the crown of his cock. He licked it, sniped at it, nibbled it. He wore his ass like a helmet, the muscles on either side hovering about his ears. I saw him as Copperhead the wise serpent, but in himself he was now Oroboros, the serpent who consumes himself, an eternal equation.

I knew he would have to be destroyed, but how I could not possibly imagine. Some things cannot be ended, but by the moment we know this it is always too late to act. □

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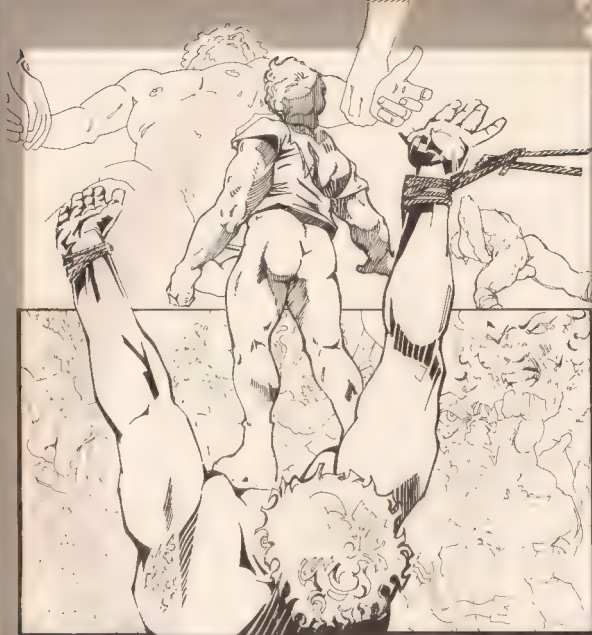
COLORING CALENDAR

JANUARY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	First Q 3rd	Full M 9th	Last Q 16th	New M 23rd	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
4 31	25	26	27	28	29	30

FEBRUARY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	First Q 1st	Full M 8th	Last Q 15th	New M 22nd		



MARCH

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
First Q 2nd	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	Full M 9th	Last Q 17th	New M 25th

APRIL

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
First Q 5th	Full M 8th	Last Q 16th	New M 23rd	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	



MAY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		Full M 8th	Last G 16th	New M 23rd	First G 28th	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23 30	24 31	25	26	27	28	29

JUNE

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
Full M 8th	Last G 16th	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	New M 21st	First G 28th	

JULY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
Full M 8th	Last O 14th	New M 20th	First O 27th	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31



AUGUST

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	Full M 4th	Last O 12th	New M 19th	First O 26th

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Get on your knees and write to the don't name Master 6'2" 155 lbs 8'5" uncult. If you are white, masculine, not over 40, interested in shaving your crotch, pouring piss down your slave throat, bondage, getting the discipline from you, I demand fast-fucking, and letting you know who's boss. Am experienced, respectful of limits, and imaginative. You should include phone number and when you are free. Box 2085

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SAN FRANCISCO AREA Well-built, together, pierced and tattooed M now to area. 38 6'3" 195 lbs. brown/blue mustache. Call 6'5" with heavy experience looking for serious Leather Master any race 25-50. Uncult meat a real plus. C/B torture. W/5 with ps. ass work and a lot more just for openers. This animal into damn near anything with your pleasure his center focus. Have complete Leather and toy collection waiting for you. No tats or lems. All photos get me and immediate reply. Box 1283

S M SAN FRANCISCO

Look ng for o k m, northern an for permanent, real or s p. P U. Box 4244, San Francisco, CA 94101

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Aqueduct, 52, 5'11", 190 lbs, white, 6'4". Knowledgeable, seeks lover & exhibitionist nude house slave. Must be obedient and eager to please with a tight ass, a good cocksucker and runner. Good hot sucker, body hair will be shaved. Under 50. Like to switch, no one night stands, drinkers or smokers, also no dopers, nutters, freeloaders or jailbirds. No photo, no reply. Box 1, in

SAN FRANCISCO

ASS GAMES

Spreadsheet maybe tied down enemies built plugs. Cuddles Vibrators. Sprockers. Hot oil balls balloons and other toys. Maybe even a cock or a tongue (You hole and/or mine) 1m 28, 5'10", 155 lbs, brown hair, green eyes, uncult. Send a description or photo of your favorite toy & let me know how you like to use it. Box 1277

S.F. ASS HOLE SPECIALIST

If you have a firm white hot hole that needs a lot of mouth work, call (415) 263-8390 anytime. Ask for Bob

SAN FRANCISCO W/M 6' 152 lbs. 34, 8'5" hard into having my cum / puss stained, jock, sucked dry. Sweetly balls, amp pits, crotch, ass and all to be licked. Into passing into jock straws while being blown. Also into showing off my dick in public places that are discrete late at night. Will exchange jocks all over U.S. Photo in jock and phone number a must. Box 1292

SAN FRANCISCO W/M, 31 5'11" 170 lbs., enjoys hot times, groups. One-to-one W/S, FF (top) Leather/Lovers. Fantasies, phone, other. Prefer w/m, 21-35, within SF Area. Photo and phone gets response. Your fantasy is my challenge. Chuck. Box 1485

BEARDED OR MOUTHSTACHED FACE SITTERS WANTED

1m 39, 5'10", 140 lbs. bearded, and have no age or race restrictions. Write Horst. Box 1015F

W/M, masculine, husky, hunk 49, 6'3", 235 lbs., write experienced wants macho studs near my size. 30 plus only. Into til play body contacts. One on one possible. California body builders, cowboys, leathermen, etc. reply to Box 170

SAN FRANCISCO SM 33, 5'6", 135 lbs. 6" out, goodlooking, hard-edged. Libran into Top/bottom trade-offs or one-way clashes with serious sailermen intent on hot bondage and belt seasons, bodies in leather and toys in hand. We put it to cock and ass to their proper use. Skip the bullshit, forget the scat. Lure into the head and the body and let's explore. Photo brings photo. DRUMMER Box A56 or c/o Jay 795 Buena Vista West, No. 4, S.F. CA 94117

HEAVY TIT WORK

MUSCULAR Dude 38 wants to meet other hot studs into B/D, Leather and other games. Box 1781

SAN FRANCISCO S/M 41 6'1", 175 lbs., white, 37, out looking for some heavy scenes. Can endure much in either role and wants no nonsense partner who knows what he is doing. If you're a man, work over S&M, and S&M, new ideas. Drive 625 Post St. San Francisco, CA 94109

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OAKLAND Need your cock and ball bound and tortured? I am the one who can do it for you. Write with details and photo to Box 19085 Oakland, CA 94619

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loves horsemen cowboys, troopers and deputy sheriffs with a k. I discretion. Corralle, stables, barn, tack room, saddles, reinhold and ropes. Current: Grange S.F. Bay area. Monterey Bay area. Willing to travel. California and neighboring states. Need stockade detention staks-out, muzzed last on. Over 35 years if you are in authority, write w photo to Box 832

S.F. PENINSULA goodlooking young M in 40s, white, top man 5'8", 155 lbs, call seeks goodlooking well-built, masculine S/M 27-40, for intense asshole sex (incuding FF). Will also fuck your face, use blow language and experiment in w or sports. Prefer men into snow skiing, other constructive interests. Could consider as a roommate. Photo preferred. Reply Box A50

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GERONTOPHILES

Et al. Corrupt early 50s, articulate tongue, kind but ruthless even if he lacks knowledge of euthyphronia and sex. Send photo. No feds or hardcore dogs. Can you rise to the occasion? Box A52

ARROGANT

Smelly abba w/ Master (W 32, 5'11", 180 lbs.) beard and his personal knowledge of euthyphronia and sex. Send photo. No feds or hardcore dogs. Can you rise to the occasion? Box A52

MASCULINE S WANTED

SAN FRANCISCO LIBERAL M. 50, W 55, 185 lbs. needs Master into leather boots, Hood heavy into bondage C&B Torture, Shaving Piercing. With piping seeks masculine S who knows what he wants and does 4 Photo gets mine. SIR Box 1357

ANY SERIOUS DISCIPLE

OF SATAN WANTED

SAN FRANCISCO Any serious disciple of Satan wanted by me. Send photo. Master 44, 5'10", 175 lbs. 6' Fat Bg-headed. Cut for ritual working out of each others needs. However mutual. Bernal Box 4373, San Francisco CA 94101

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SAN FRANCISCO GMD 30, 5'10", 185 lbs. 3" Seeks Black Leather tough talkin' hard playin', bewdy drinkin', hardly laughin' bell shewchin', handy ropin' bull bustin', due for rough fun. Photo reqs. for response. Single man in San Francisco Box 1487

NEW IN SAN FRANCISCO

YOUNGISH DAD Smart, cigar man, seeking for "son" 20-30, 5'10", 185 lbs. whipped pushed fucked if good needed to breakfast! Box 1567

NOVICE

SAN FRANCISCO 27, needs help training the eye of S&M masochist. Am 5'10", very hairy bulky build 8' cut. Novice. Wants 25-35 experienced 5'10" or over caring patient. Teacher. Prefer blonde. Brown eyes. vgn! Box 1289

SAN JOSE Looking for Leather Master into B&D, and some light S&M I'm 30, 6'1", 160 lbs. Dk Br eyes & tender in mind. No Feds, train studs or hard drugs. Box 986

MAN EATING SLAVE

SAN FRANCISCO, Hot Wtm 24. Will worship your Ass, Gock, Balls. B&D. Nipples and Arm Pits with my HOT MOUTH. Also dig B&D, W/S, Greek. Passive. Photo appreciated. Greg, Box 1501

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GEORNEVILLE Applications for full time, we-in slave now being accepted. I am a 30 year old independent contractor, BB, Dominant, Intelligent, and heavily sadistic. I am 18-30, submissive, honest, not afraid of hard work, long hours, and heavy pain when deserved. You tow the line and I'll treat you right, screw up and I'll torture you till you pass out. You must be into heavy gear. Send photo. No feds or hardcore dogs. Request to 14320 Old Cazadero Road, Geornewille, CA 96446

HOT M. 40, 5'10", uncult. Experienced piercer or pierce, needs S&M C&B. Bondage. Most for out play scenes in my fully equipped playground. George, Box 5641, Hunt Bch, CA 94646

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Fightin' Toppers 23, strong, very hairy and MEAN thins S.F. tops are cockless wimps afraid to put their asses on the line in an all-out fight! If you think you're man enough to nose-barred brawl to a definitive submission finish and after I've whipped your worthless yellow ass I'll shut it with my cock and/or list. Send challenges, photos to Box 816A

MUSCLE BUILDER

SAN FRANCISCO Hard ass S/M hunk, 20, 4'7", 155 lbs & cut solid muscular build for HOT action and size expansion. Interests include weightlifting, Harleys, Leathers, Urethra, Uniforms, boots, porn art smyl, military S&S, J/O, jocks, riding and sex. Lucks! Seeks to earn attention and service with S-logic (S.F.) or worldwide M's aim right to serve Box 1538

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SAN FRANCISCO This hunky black-leather motorcycle riding stud looking for guys who think they're good enough to serve my boots and me. Have fun in inimitable desire for boots and the man that wears them just can't get enough of them. esp black engineer and toger boots—taller the better I'm 31, and good-looking, honest, you're in enough and serious enough to get down with my boots or make me get down with yours, drop me a line. Box 1504

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

MOTORCYCLE COPS

If you're a horny motorcycle cop, this will build handsome young Asian-American needs you, Sir. Prefer CHP, Orange PD, or LAPD bike cops, with goodlooking, well built and horny. If you're in uniform will be considered. All new-entrants welcome. Need servicing air? Write with photo to Box 71113, L.A. CA 90017

L.A. WATER

LOS ANGELES Stud fuckee wants hot stud fucker meet between his cheeks or for a "Warm Ocean" fuck, some hot water in first, before you hit it with your lubed shot. 5'11", 165 lbs. 34. Photo exchange. Box 1562

TOTAL SLAVE

BURBANK Slave Danny will submit to bondage whipping, piercing, armpits and tits. shipping photography for parties groups or one Master. Phone (213) 846-9468. Danny Payne, 24105 Alameda Ave., Burbank, CA 91502

THREE WAYS—GROUP SEX

LOS ANGELES Obedient slave and his Master looking for hot Leather/Levi and Uniform Sluts into three ways and group sex. S&M B&D, Dildo, Fiat fucking and other fantasies. We have the place. Explicit letter gets immediate response. Box 1489

SLAVE DOG

LOS ANGELES Hot hungry slave dog wants serious and heavy top 30-40, into Leather, uniforms, Heavy Bondage. Condemned, physical/mental discipline, was, W/S, fist fucking, and total servicing. Seek hot evening or weekend of servitude and obedience. Send photo. Box 1572

TITS AND ASS

LOS ANGELES, 40s, sticky hairy body, shaved head wants bun warmers and warmers for long, reciprocal spanking, 101-pinchin', analmas, and more. Prefer mature clean non-smokers who I'd rather do it than talk about it, want to expand limits for both of us. Box 709

TORTURE FANTASIES

LOS ANGELES Raunchy Hungry pig slave-master 30, 5'7", 150 lbs. wants to explore intelligent light and torture fantasies with hairy-assed, scuzz-monkey top and bottoms HOT men 18-50 into C&B Torture W/S, scml and natural fist fucking. Write Box 1339

Am 6'4" Brown hair blue eyes, mustachioed, 190 lbs. I've modeled, looking for warm contact. Brain and body Box 1413

HOLLYWOOD BOTTOM 24, 6', 135 lbs., white. Seeks knowledgeable partner, 25-40, into B&D, light S&M. Toys, etc. Want to try everything once more than once. Letters with photos answered first. Box 1462

SLAVE AVAILABLE

W/M, 28, 5'10", 150 lbs., good body, seeks master for heavy bondage. S/M, W/S, etc. Jim Martin, Box 24173, L.A. CA 90024

WANTED

IN NAKED BONDAGE

LOS ANGELES Young, slim sexy-looking Man-Boy will be a dark-headed Latino, fossil-hair, blonde or other masculine, obedient, clean, young, trim, white guy wanting to be tied up, stripped down, and sexually dominated by a butt-fucking, masculine, trim, goodlooking, 40-year young, white stud. No FF, no punishment unless you need it to turn you on. Just you—me, the ropes binding you, and my bed. Don't respond to this ad, Masculine Man-Boy, unless you really want to be bound and kept that way, touched, held, fondled, caressed, played with, loved and gotten off. And then fucked. Bound and gagged. Man-Boy will have no choice but to surrender up his boyish ass or manly butt for fucking by a 7 inch hot cock shoved deep in his twitching asshole. Man-Boy will serve, be cared for and be fucked as his sex-captive slave-boy, younger brother or dutiful son. Eager. Young tight-assed beginner welcome and preferred. But be warned—you will be fucked my way. Send your Los Angeles phone number, Man-Boy, a recent photo, brief description and humble letter. Box 1569

NOVICE TRAINING

CONTROLLED behavior—B/D, S/M, C/B, T/L, W/S. etc. Submit request now to Sir/Master Box 1103, L.A. CA 90022

SLAVE WANTED

NORTH HOLLYWOOD—LOS ANGELES, Master 30, 5'10", 152 lbs., Br/Br in fair shape for my age. Dig slaves 18-28 only. No Beards or Mustaches. Smooth bodied. Heavy nice assortment of leather & S&M gear. Slaves must dig bondage, Verbal abuse, mutual heavy bi work. My tit especially must dig raunchy games, but will respect slaves' limits and any uncomparable sex play. No feds or phones, however I am Greek passive, also dig eating hot ass & piss both ways. If it fits call Tony at (213) 985-7001, or write with Photo to Tony, Box 1023, Hollywood, CA 90026

LOS ANGELES slave, 43, 6', 165 lbs. with large C/B. digs receiving C/B/T work. S&M, leather/felis, etc. Box A58

WANTED

W/M, 40 year (18-35) Topman nbd, S&M W/S. Lavia, Leather Jocks. Master/slave games. Face sitting fucking ass play (no FF) and in need of head to toe service in hot masculine encounters. I'm a good looking W/M, 44, 6', 185 lbs. with trim beard & mustache and with brown hair and blue eyes send photo Box 1320

SAN GABRIEL VALLEY

2 very good looking butch, hairy Masters, 8', 170 lbs. 27, the other 5'7", 145 lbs. 30. Both with blk hair and mustaches. We req. a slave to comply with our every demand. You must be hairy, masc, good body and into S/M, W/S, etc. Send photo and letter describing yourself to get ours. Box 1777

LOVE TO EAT BUTT

LOS ANGELES W/M, 30, love to eat butt. Seek Enthusiastic Master. I am 27-45, maybe dark complexion. Box 1458

HOLLYWOOD Goodlooking uncult stud seeks dominant butch uniformed law man cycle cop leather-man SS or Gestapo types for head trips, discipline, submission, mad. You must be hairy, masc, good body and into S/M, W/S, etc. Send photo and letter describing yourself to get ours. Box 1777

WHITE SCAVIANIAN

HUNTINGTON BEACH Male. Muscular 30, Blonde, blue eyes, looking for permanent relationship with very heavy top into leather, piercing, whipping was, FF, W/S, etc. I will consider all top but I want someone with smarts and a sense of humor who is a romantic and likes desert and surf as well as smoke and aroma. Ray (714) 842-6843 or write with picture to Box 1427

ORANGE COUNTY/LONG BEACH

ORANGE COUNTY, 187 lbs., 7' Bearded hairy novice seeks to correspond and/or meet someone to play with inexperienced but will ng to try most anything. Prefer hot, horny uninhibited into suck ng, fucking, verbal abuse, variety and prolonged sessions. Frank letters and photo gets mine. Box 1435

ORANGE COUNTY Hot hung, reather studs who want to bring hot blond, blue eyed slave to life. Send photo. Details Box 1284

LOS ANGELES White male animal slave to be trained and broken as work-horse, needs demanding male master or masters with facilities to use him as such on occasional weekends leading to permanent to be stable, bitted, harnessed and worked under reins and whip. Mature submissive to all demands. Box 1263

LOS ANGELES Hot hunky, cowboy blue eyes, beard, wants to start a Dido Club. Interested dudes drop me a line and state size and interests. Box 1270

BIG WIDE OPEN

ASHOLDS WANTED L.A. W/m, 31, 5'11", 185 lbs. wants man with hot assholes into FF, huge dildos, punch-fuck ng, able to stand several hours of heavy ass play. Send serious man only, no J/O. Box B11

CHICAGO W/m 34, 5'8", 140 lbs. 7" cock. Top wants either tops or aggressive bottoms for extended multi scene action sucking, fucking, rimming, jocks, J/O, W/S fist fuck and ball work. More body hair the better. Letters with photo gets same—pronto Box 1460

URBAN COWBOY

Sadd up and ride spur, 50, 5'8", 155lbs. On either stallions welcome. Other interests too. A. Zeller P.O. Box 3200, Chicago, IL 60690

STARVED PIG

Slim, 50 yr old needs to drink recycled beer, recycled lunch and spittoon of cigar smoking, fuck me. In stud who loves to fuck. Photo please. A-Z, P.O. Box 3201 Chicago, IL 60690

CHICAGO

Sit back, watch video porn, throw up your legs and let me rim your ass. Or play in my mouth, or sit on my face and twist my G&B. A/E 38, 5'7", 138 lb. beard YOU GWM. B or married, 18-40. TOP average to thin. All hot letters with pic answered first. Box 1798

INDIANA

REAL MASTER WANTED

INDIANAPOLIS W/m 23, 5'11", 150 lbs. 7" Hot! I've sought real Master to put me in my mouth, or sit on my face and twist my G&B. A/E 38, 5'7", 138 lb. beard YOU GWM. B or married, 18-40. TOP average to thin. All hot letters with pic answered first. Box 1798

EVANSVILLE W/m 30, 5'11", 175 lbs. bearded and hairy. Seeking bog-muscled man into flexing body massage and body contact. Box 1254

MASTER WANTS SLAVES:

FORT WAYNE Novice or experienced. Light or heavy S&M. Must have good body. Master is masculine 42, lean, muscular 5'11", 160 lbs. White P.O. Box 12302 Fort Wayne, IN 46883

INDIANAPOLIS M 40, 5'10", 170 lbs. 6'1", white, inexperienced. Will make up in obedience while I lack in experience. Seeks sincere understanding and knowledgeable Master to bring out the best in me. Will try anything once. Can travel to surrounding states. No blood and no scat. Photo please. Box 833

INDIANAPOLIS M 26, 6' 180 lbs. 6'1" cut, into B&D heavy S&M. Will try anything at least once, but basic interest is heavy ball work. Turns on to Blacks, heavy man, 21-45. No tats, fens, drugs, w/s or scat. Box 1549

IOWA

IOWA MASTER 6', tan, white seeks permanent slave for complete physical and mental training, naked bondage & submission. Must be lean or muscular, hairless in body and ready for slavery in mind. Send photo application & phone to Box 879

KENTUCKY

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

LEXINGTON S 36, 5'11", 175 lbs. experienced in all scenes. All mix considered. Must have firm body and have your head on. If you are ready, write now. Box 868, Lexington KY

LOUISIANA

DAVID'S MODELS

NEW ORLEANS A variety of 1st class models for your enjoyment. Call (504) 524-0988 ask for David

LEATHER/POLICE UNIFORMS

NEW ORLEANS W/m 35, Leather Police Uniforms, boots. B&D S&M. Seeks same. Am turned on by touch, smell, taste and feel of Leather, high black boots, full police uniform and gear. I seek a few discreet men into the same. Occasionally travel. Box 1538

FATHER-SON

MONROE W/m 34, 6' 175 lbs. into father/son, reform school type discipline. Both roles. Would like to hear about fantasies and possibly meet. Box 1576

NEW ORLEANS MASTER

NEW ORLEANS 45, 5'5", 135 lbs. 6" into B&D dildoes, C&B, T/T, straps, belts. FF W/S. Seeks summer trainees, 18-30. Must be together and sincere. Send honest letter with photo. Box 1541

IF IT ISN'T HERE IT ISN'T ANYWHERE

MAINE

HAVE A FANTASY?

Want it to come true? Two bearded dudes from northern Maine woods into all scenes groups FF, WS J/O III and ball torture, bondage, voyeurism, smokes and aroma, ready for hot kinky action. Come visit, write or call. Your photo gets ours. Lee Quebecois sont sur/out les bienvenus. Box 796

MARYLAND

MASTER

LUTHERVILLE Master seeks respect and service from 2 logged stud with tall. Will consider novice trainee. Send photo & full information. Box 888

WASH DC

BALTIMORE CLEAN, WELL-MLNG BUTT ASSSED HARD D CK BUTT FUCKIN' ASS EATIN', D CK SUCKIN' TOE SUCKIN' WHITE, BLACK ON LATINO PI G25-35 Able to work 8 hours sleep 8 hours and shaved 8 hours a day every day. To service two hot, tattooed, pierced shaved self-supporting whites, 35 and 40, into total mind and body ownership, shaving, piercing, C&B, torture, toys, W/S, FF, and much more. Two fully equipped playrooms. Tattoos and piercing a plus, but not presently required. Objective. Permanent full-time three-way relationship possible business partnership. Only serious apply with photo and state ID and Richard C/O. EATHER UNDERGROUND 208 RED STREET, BALTIMORE MD 12101

W/m is male, 45, 5'5", 160 lbs. bottom looking for top. No scat, FF, or dope. All else ok. Blacks or whites. Max Garrison, 9 Manchester Place Silver Spring, MD 20901

BALTIMORE OR WASHINGTON DC area SM (either role) into L/L WS C&B/T, B&D, strap, FFA, no scat. Apply with picture stating desires. Frequent visitor to Chicago. LA S.F. Box 855

NOVICE

BALTIMORE AREA M 5'11, 180 lbs. 6" cut, seeks sincere understanding, experienced and knowledgeable master to bring out ability to serve. Am willing obedient and eager to learn. Some US travel. Box 888

HAGERSTOWN W/m 35, 6' 170 lbs. bodybuilder looking for other masculine well-built bodies. Must be total y-male. Box 38

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PLUMER 49

ROBEPITUNE 30, W/M, 5'8", 155 lbs. 7'2" height, unoccupied. I like these total arrogant fuckin' Master who demands frequent Gr service. S-r use paddle often to keep this ass as hot as your own personal cunt ur nail, and glory-hole. Box 1779

CENTRAL JERSEY W/m 39, 6' 175 lbs tattooed bodybuilder leather stud. Heavy rider with fifteen years experience as a sadist with private game room wants to hear from willing slave ages 25-40. Limits respected and expanded. No reply without picture which gets me a Write to P.O. Box 13, Frenchtown, NJ 08825

NEW YORK

SLAVE Needs a rugged muscular master I want to be taught what my ass and mouth were made for I am into p/sa C/B/T humilation aprt, punishment No scat I'm 34 5'8", 145 lbs., very good body. Box 1797

NATIONWIDE

STRICT Oriental Df, 28, accepting applications from recruits, while, 18-40 only. For boot camp training and discipline. Phone requested photo optional. Travels nationwide. Box 1795

BLOOD LEATHER TOPMAN WANTED

Handsome hairy male, light skin, dark hair, 6'1", 175 lbs. seeks blond leather top man. Spunk my ass and ripen my tight hole with your big dick. Work my tits over and make me kneel in my skin tight chaps. Box 1768

SPANKING

W/M, 30s 8", well administered sound spanking with belt or paddle for misbehavior. Age-unimportant. Sincere only. Photo Box 1781

AFFECTIONATE TOP WANTED NEW YORK W/M, 8'2", 175 lbs. brown hair. Based on info, mustache new into leather life. S&M (bottom) no understanding, affectionate note to show me the way and expand my limits. Ultimately would prefer permanent relationship with right man. Photo, phone appreciated. Box 1681

DOMINANT GERMAN

N.Y.C. 6'7", 31, 150 lbs., seeks real leather cat S&G/F ED. Reply with photo and phone. Box 1758

NEW YORK—aereboy, 28, needs strong dom/mate Master or Topman I am masculine 5'9", 55 lbs. good looking, obedient, and can take lots of ass fucking. (age 18-21) V/A, dildos, w/a, band, spanking, body and to let service. You must be tough enough to take it. Mustache preferred, photo and phone to Jim, Box 1651, NY, NY 10027

VERY QUIET, very slim, bearded. W/m, 38, seeks athletic body of any shade clad in nylon briefs/panties, with hot lips. Write to Box 3042 NY NY 10008

GREENWICH VILLAGE submissive W/M 48 firm, slender Gr pass, heavy tit work seeks lean dominants to 45. Any race. Box 1776

QUEEN'S, NYC Mature M Scorpio born 5'7", 145 lbs., hairy body bald but bearded, seeks mature top Master for discipline and heavy thwack, FF, WS, Scot, Jock straps, hairy bodies, black beards, stocky builds turn me on. No role switching or skinny blondes. Box 306

NEW YORK CITY

MASTER WANTED by M 30. Generous cat. Guy into boots, uniform, NZ, SS, SM. S&B, leather, guy out verbal trips, have good earnings want to share with big Husky man any age over 190 lbs. Must be mean and street wise, cops, construction ok. Box 1324

BOOZ SEX

NEW YORK Hot husky stud wants others for all kinds of foot gear sex. S&M. B&D W/S poppers. Exchanges Box 1573

FOR EXPERTS ONLY

NEW YORK CITY VILLAGE w/m, 5'8" 130 lbs. The best perfect ass on the East Coast. For experts only. Voluptuary not porno. World's most perfectly functioning tube can be stuffed at both ends. Not a submissive, but a participant. Long term chemical fuck prefer to avoid scat scenes, faps, opers. Queens in black. Leather and whole seriousness in general. Bored by bluntporn. I salvaged over the Joyce A.K. Antique ad in issue 42. P.O. Box 478 NYC NY 10011. Pica answered first

ATTENTION NEW YORK SLAVES

NEW YORK You are muscular v-t 1st and hot with a genuine need to belong to a 6'4" blond 35 year old muscular leather Master. You will be second slave and learn to love pain and be tormented and will submit to heavy and creative S&M B&D etc. You generally don't answer ads but not wanting to miss the opportunity to serve this Master you will send your detailed application and photo. Box 673

OHGYS

KINDY SEXY WESTERN COWBOY All girls in the area. I'll be a husky sex P/F. W/S, J/O 1st. The torture piercing bondage voyeuristic! Let's see if we can get some orgys... Write to me. P.O. Box 24 America, TX 75001

SEX-AGNAHAN!

Libra M 6'3", 170 lbs. and 60s white haired blue eyes. man of discipline. Would serve muscular muscular male of any age or race who enjoys imaginative games with older man. Will do almost anything for right partner. Box 290X

MANHATTAN S. 35, 6'4" blonde. Have 6'3" muscular slave, 30 Am. accepting applications for second slave. Must submit to heavy S&M B&D and video taping. If you are young, muscular and attractive send photo with qualifications at once. Box 452

PIGGY RAUNCH

Versatile in NYC Chelsea W/m, Scorpio 33, 5'7", 130 lbs. 7" cull, for uninhibited scenes. Heavy ass play (FF) LL W/S, scat, jocks sweat oil shaving, lts, cor, torture, books and jocks with real creative risen into role switching. Willing to explore new realms. No overweights or fats. Beards a plus. Include photo and scene. Box 703

PUPPY SEKS BULLDOG

Hot talent, 28, 5'9", 175 solid lbs., seeks bear-bellied brutes who enjoy a butch dog collared slave. Seek studly chunky, 5'8", 210-230 lbs., 225 lbs. dominants who groove on service. Write with photo (returned) to P.O. Box 3058, Church Street P.O., NYC, NY 10006

SAM CLUB FORMING New York City Area only. All ages welcome. Write for free questionnaire and Information Occupant 167 West 180th Street Apt. 40, New York NY 10024

NEW YORK W/M 30 well built muscular guy with hard dick sticking out hairy chest, full beard, sweaty jock and good body wants to hump up against a stud guy. Esp. fat, bald, swarthy guys in tight pants and overhanging body. I want to smell your orotch, feel up your ass and hump my hard dick age not your age. Box 1330

NEW YORK W/M 35, 5'8" 160 lbs. 6" cut, medium build, seeks help to reach full limit as slave. Good strict but understanding Master to bring out ability to serve with body and mind. Not into scat or injury. Box 80

TATTOOED & PIERCED

43 6'3", 185 lbs. interested in open, masculine W/m 30-50, not heavily into booze or drugs. Box 452

NEW YORK CITY W/M 28, 5'7" 140 lbs. Clean-shaven, imaginative seeks to be controlled by a Domant top. I have a lot to learn and would like to meet someone with teaching ability. 25-40. Box 1370

WRESTLERS

STREET FIGHTERS

28, 6'2" 190 lbs. W/m Topman wants to meet submissive w/a no dudes into no-holds-barred jock wrestling. Also want to hear from other Tops into same. Box 504A

HOUSEBOY FOR SALE

Will take care of your home. Need owner with a stud who will keep me naked, chained and shaved. Use me for hard labor, abuse, total toilet and body service. Only serious minded over 35 NY CT NJ Box 1312

CAPITOL DISTRICT W/M 34 5'8"

170 lbs. thick beard, muscular, muscular and into rough leather sex. Have slave who will be used in scenes. Write with photo. Box B55

NEW YORK W/M 28, 155 lbs. 6" needs BB to 35 years to take orders and train my young Italian slave. Send photo & phone. Box 1334

NOVICE BLOOD MASTER

NYC TALL, skin goodlooking. Hung M 20a, requires totally submit w/a slave(s) for experientia, bondage and training as dog slave. You will bring perform, beg to serve and live in or out of bondage. No heavy pain trips. Limits respected, just Humiliation, degradation and servitude. Especially like Latin or Italian types but all goodlooking young slaves considered. Also like to hear from other Masters. Box 1321

ATTENTION All husky, smooth skinned college type bottoms opportunity to serve and submit to my hot football super jock master while I watch and worship. Expect heavy bondage. Light S&M. Send respectful letter detailing your description, experience and limits. If any Photo preferred. Southern Connecticut location. Box B31

NY W/M bearded 45, mid weather. B/D, S/M, C/B/T, W/S, seeks USMC type. Any age or race welcome. Box 3092 Grand Central Station, NYC, NY 10013

WRESTLERS & LEVIS-S&M

Mean, tough vicious ruthless stud W/m 6'2", wants to hear from same type dudes. all ages, into no-holds barred fighting, kick'n, punching and squeezing a guy's nuts. Etc. Exchange into idios or meet. Box 88

BALLS, 43, 5'8", W, 155 lbs. Hot lot of dooms type together and creative. My sock hangs heavy with full hot nuts. If you're into giving & getting sensual pain to balls, let's get in on lots of equipment. I'm photo of your ass gets me. Box 1370

SYRACUSE S&M COUPLE LOOKING

for real live and western in the Syracuse and NYC Area for medium to heavy sessions in 34 5'11" 150 lbs. dark hair, beard, mustache for B bottom. Our interests are: Bondage, Piercing, Humiliation, Whipping, W/S, Scal, etc. Limit is within reason. Respected. Letter & Photo to Box 2874 Syracuse NY 13220

NEW YORK CITY-HOT LOOKING

W/M, 38, seeks good looking men under 40 who like the B&M worked over. Have interesting toys for enjoyment. Reply only if you like the real thing. Box 1465

NEW YORK CITY 28, 5'8" 150 lbs.

42 Chest, 30" Waist. Looking for a Domant. Masculine, rugged sex partner. 30 years or older. Box 1464

NYC, FF RECEIVER W/M 28, 5'4"

110 lbs. 7 needs scenes with 30s leather. FFA Master. No castration pain. B&D. Shaving, toys, whips. Groups. Throw my ass in your sling. Box 1289

MUSCULINE HUNG AND DOMINANT

BROOKLYN Attractive W/m 30s. Muscular, Hung, Domant. Stable & Nice. Wants GWM who enjoys being whipped. Good buds (enough to let a slave be a slave) w/a. I am devoted for your satisfaction. Photo, phone if possible. Write to me. Box 5177 New York NY 10163

OBEDIENT BODY

SLAVE AVAILABLE

NEW YORK CITY Serious Bodybuilder 5'9", 185 lbs. 28, good looking. Seeks strict supervision, piercing military regimentation dog discipline, body and mind ownership, a Master who wants to be proud of his obedient body slave. Photo requested. S.R. Box 1493

ATTACTIVE

EXPERIENCED SLAVE

NEW YORK W/M 31, 8'1", 185 lbs. athletic body, well built and already needs you. I have a taste for good, punkish and uninhibited Master to experience imaginative & heavy S&M and total submission. Photo appreciated. Please write to: Box 2001 Response answering service, 316 Fth Avenue New York NY 10001 for prompt reply

ROUGH-HOUSE & RAUNCH

Buddy wanted for hot wet, rugged contact in and out of sweaty jocks. Especially UNCLTS. Send Photo. P.O. Box 1326 Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017

NEW YORK SLAVE

W/M 27, 5'8", 150 lbs. athletic body needs forceful. Men to work on my BARE-ASS. Paddles, crops, whips. 13 37 470 2nd Ave. New York, NY 10018

OKLA CITY SM White 43, 170 lbs 5'10" good muscles, seeks wing hot men to 45 eager to learn and teach Prefer top but can be wing bottom Beg ners welcome. Discreet. No feds, reply with photo Box A53.

OKLA CITY S White, 44 170 lbs 5'10" muscular wants young punk pig toilet slaves for any and all occasions Except pain, hum kation fillin' I want it done right then you do it over No feds or lame Box 1769

OREGON

HOT MEN WANTED

PORTLAND — 14 5'8" 175 lbs Muscular, dark comp. Bk hair Brn eyes S Beard & Moustache Looking for Hgt, horny construction worker cowboys Truckers, troopers, cycle cops, mounted cops, firemen who are not overly thin but have some hot meat on the bones, not too grossly fat. If you're into fuck'n sucking sweat, p.s. rock straps, rears, leather and domination beatd hair tattoos cut or uncut, you may contact me with a letter and photo (MUST BE NUDE) showing off your assets. No bks, feds, dopers, heavy or nicks Box 1584

TIT ABUSE

SALEM — 45, 5' 150 lbs, 1" long hrs seeks younger W/m, needing life on get on, abuse Box 1649

VERSATILE TOP BOTTOM MAN Seeks GR A/P FR A/P n levis & boots Bikers in leather okay too NO S&M, drugs, smokers Enjoy wide variety of expression but no painful or excessive x-ray action I'm in 40s, hung, discrete and affect only if you just for life. I just for you. Box A74

WASHINGTON

SALEM W/m, 6' 178 lbs Hairy Body, 7" seeks 20-40 needing spreadlegs ass warming C&B! abuse Box 1650

LEATHER DUDE

PORTLAND — W/m 39, 6'4" 190 lbs Leather dude grants permission to all s'aves to submit application for training, facts and photo demanded. Likes considered, limits respected but expanded. Contact by Masters welcome For info write NB P.O. Box 3241 Portland, OR 97208

NO NONSENSE LEATHER STUDMASTER

PORTLAND — W/m 39, 6'4" 190 lbs Blonde/Blue Bearded grants permission to all short-dark bearded W/m Suck Slaves to submit applications for full time, live in permanent partner position of voluntary B&D Room Servitude You will be stripped shaved ringed collared and branded Terms are mine. Training of body brain and balls Used as I desire abused if you deserve Lots of discipline Some affection BS B&D W/S TT CBT W/A, explore S&M Only shock proof dudes, 21-35, need apply Photo and frankness demanded Box 1608

HOT COB

Wanted by handsome unruly fugitive 31 150 lbs 5'7" Drive Box 998, Beaverton, OR 97007

PORTLAND PIO

Hairy M, 22 5'10" 170 lbs wants aggressive top to help expand my limits into W/S FF. Toys and want to learn more Box 1336

PORTLAND HARLEY OWNER

W/m, 40 into boots, breeches, leather rubber wants to meet other big bikers within 600 miles of Portland Box 1328

W/M, 24, NEED MY ASS warmed up real good. Turn me over your knee and spank me with your hand or bend me over a chair or on the bed and let me have it with a paddle Box 1253

PORTLAND BOTTOM Gender Bearded Cuddler 37 seeks artistic Topman, Sensualist Creative, into knots, Oil, many toys Box 1259

PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA S Aquarius, 46 5'9" 165 lbs, white, 7", knowledgeable Master requires white slave under 35 into S&M, B&D W/S, V/A enemas. It work. Novice acceptable. Limits respected, expanded. Apply with respectful letter, photo & phone to: P.O. Box 11095, Philadelphia, PA 19141 or DRUMMER Box 209

FOOT SERVICE

I know how to please 5'8" 32, 140 lbs W/m will worship your feet. Boots, Moustache plus Beards OK Box 705

A SECRET SPOT

YORK A secret spot, a scorching summer sun. You and your buddy Snister stury, sturdy strapping shirtless studs. Me Staked down and strung up, stripped and stretched spreadlegged from you a smelter From your sidewalk, a snort! Serious stuff Box 1618

PITTSBURGH AREA MASTER

45, 5'8", 155 lbs, cigar smoker, full leather requires submissive slaves under 6' Fully equipped dungeon. Hot heavy scenes. Want real submissive men, no phonies. fems feds. Young novices considered for permanent servitude Training. You are ordered to send photo and letter of submission to Master Boots Box 534 New Kensington, PA 15068

WILKES BARRE S Cancer, 43, 6', 170 lbs White Military/Police discipline, over 20 years military experience. Seeks prisoners for eternal bondage cells, cages heavy physical exercise hard labor in chains interrogation. Scene is of primary importance. Limits observed. beginners trained. No feds, feds Box 659

MUSCULAR & MASCLINE S

30, 6'1" 200 lbs 8' cut seeks instrument of suffering and service. You are a muscular straight appearer M who needs to submit to the abusive control of a dominant but strict and imaginative Master. Send your letter of submission with Photo to Masters Company, Box 1448, Scranton, PA 16510

PHILADELPHIA

LEATHER MASTER

40s W/m 5'9", 165 lbs masculine & hung requires W/m slave, 21-35, into S&M, B&D WS Novices acceptable. Limits respected & expanded. Apply with respectful letter, photo & phone number P.O. Box 11095, Phila. PA 19141

SCRANTON M Gemini white 47 5'6" 154 lbs, 6" intelligent novae seeks understanding, affect onate Master (any age) who will respect and expand limits. Am adventurous and pretty solid. Any race okay Box 364

Initiate me into the ritual of your fantasy. Sting me up in bondage pierce me. flog me. torture me. torture my tits cock balls fill my ass p.s. my face let me suck your sweaty pits and worship your body your cock balls 13s ass 12s fart 6' 160 lbs, 6s, with limbed beard and moi, stache. Respect my limits while you expand them. Not into scat. Box A72

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Volume 2

BEVILLE Good top looking for good bottom. Muscular S/Wm 34, 5'10", 150 lbs., bearded hairy, muscular. Be my weekend slave. I enjoy remote weekend camping trips. I have a wheel drive & boat. You must be 18-40, submissive, tender. Let's find out what turns your lights on. B34 1317

DALLAS 5'8", 150 lbs., 27 years old. I like to be wrestled down, roped and gagged by muscular capar for total light pro and bondage and forced to submit. Can reverse roles. Box 734

UTAH

2 HOT LEATHER BOTTOMS
SALT LAKE CITY Two hot leather/leaves bottoms mod 40s S&M novices need careful S&M instruction by hot top any age who is experienced and creative teacher. Use bottoms for hard fuck, no W/S, FF, Reming. Enemas. Any intense long assing scene, except heavy pain drugs. scsl B34 1610

VIRGINIA

MY FANTASY

ARLINGTON The sticky heat of the night hangs in the air. As my car tops the hill, a blurred figure can be seen in the distance. Hips thrust forward, his thump is excited. The night is so completely nude. Could this be you. Box 1601

RICHMOND 5'4, 175 lbs., 6' seeks weekend slaves with 100% submissive attitude, endurance, fuckable butt deep throat. Must be into B/D S/M whipping, moderate to heavy pain, prolonged scenes. I'm experienced. Permanent ownership possible. Respectful, letter and phone to Box 1780

VIRGINIA MASTER

MASTER 32, 6'11, seeks partner into weekend B&D S&M sessions. I'm respected. Confidentiality expected and assured. Apply with photo. Those w/ no phone answered first. Travel East Coast often. Box 1978

MAKE ME BEG FOR IT
NORTHERN VIRGINIA Young cock sucker needs verbal abuse from young hung man. Tease me, make me beg for it. Box 1651

WASHINGTON

CIGAR SMOKERS

Hot muscular leatherman, 32 who smokes and gets turned on to cigars wants contact with man of same interest. Will be starting an org. to get cigar smokers soon. P.O. Box 20604 Seattle WA 98102

NEED WORKOUT

SEATTLE B&D No S&M, into chaps, speedo, jocks, harness. Need work out partner for weight lifting. White 50-100 lbs. looking for similar. Box 861

GOOD LOOKING WHITE

SEATTLE 6' 145 lbs., 29. In looking for Traneer Jax B&S, Leatherman and loggers. Big Boots and toisa leather. I am up to try anything once. Age and looks not important, but prefer big and hairy. Your photo gets mine. A1 letters answered. Box 1544

RASSLIN

6'2" 188 lbs. looking for some athletic competition in Seattle. Collage, pro, submission, no-holds-barred. I take you on. Only serious, sweaty jocks need reply. Let's go a few rounds and beat down. Box 815

SEATTLE AREA FF TOP OR BOT
TOM looking for good tops. Haved a sweet ass that's been trained by the best. Enjoy men, not boys, into uniforms, sports (if you know what I mean). Am hot for Truckers, cowboys and Leathermen. Am 5'11", 165 lbs. With 9" of hot hard meat. Box 1442

HUNG STUD

SEATTLE 32 STUO MUSCU, AR
HUNG into Water Sports. Send Photo to Box 1429

SEATTLE Love slave wanted should not have limits, however pain will be a minor element. Prefer young skin white. I am W/M 31 170 lbs. 6'3" Box 1345

WANNA SPEND A COLD NIGHT WITH A HOT MAN? READ DRUMBEATS

WEST VIRGINIA

HARPERS FERRY 32 6' 160 lbs. 10 cut. Looking for w/m, 18-35 muscular and hairless preferred. Nice ass who wants his 115 worked over. Box 736

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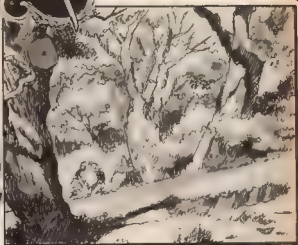
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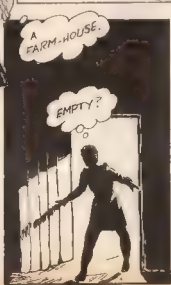
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THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

By Larry Townsend

Dear Larry—

I wrote you last summer and wondered if you could help me out again. Last time I wrote I asked for some ideas or suggestions for finding a partner. You gave me the name of a man in Penn. I contacted him, and we did get together. There was only one problem. He was married to a woman, and didn't tell me until after I got there. It still worked out okay until the night before I left for home. We were caught together by her for a while after I got home, I couldn't even get a hard-on. Now, I'm doing better, but I'm still having problems finding someone. He was the first man I was with and I enjoyed our time together, except for the last night. I haven't been with anyone since him, and need to be with someone. The guys around here don't seem to wear any signs, and since that night I'm a little afraid to approach them. I'd appreciate some ideas or suggestions to help me. I hope it's not too much to ask. I just don't know what to do.

Stan (Southern Ohio)

Dear Stan,

My being able to send you a name last time you wrote was just a fluke, because I happened to get your letter only a day after the fellow in Penn had written asking the same thing you did. I merely put you both together, "for better or for worse." Your part of the country is one that I really do not know much about, although I have visited extensively in Indiana. If I can assume it to be somewhat the same, I can only say that there are plenty of opportunities about, but none of them are going to be very easily displayed. Telling people to be bold and to approach a guy they find attractive (and for whom they have rea-

sonable expectations of being gay), is much more easily said than done. I know that for many people, it is almost impossible to approach a stranger. But this is exactly what you have to learn, especially in an area where the gay community is not very open and visible. After all, unless the guy is a heterosexual homophobe, the worst he's going to do is say "no." The only other answer is to move into an area where there's so much stuff around that cruising is like shooting fish in a barrel.

Dear Larry

I'm in a strange situation, and I really don't know what I want to do, much less what I should do. Tell me what you think! I've had (and still have) a live-together relationship with my slave-lover for almost six years. My lover (I'll call him Dick) refuses to admit that we have come to the end of the line, and also refused to permit us to divide and/or sell the things we have acquired together. This includes a house, some stock, a small business, and some art works. Dick says that our SM relationship has run its natural course, and that we should continue to live together despite the lack of a satisfactory sexual relationship, and with both of us tricking out as we wish. I still love Dick, although I am not still "in love" with him. Except for the sexual problems I am comfortable living as we are. I don't know. I don't want to write a book on this, so I hope I've given you enough to enable you to make some comments.

Uncertain in Chicago

Dear Uncertain

Your problem reflects one of the "basic truths" in 99% of the SM relationships that I know of, and one which I've remarked about before—in fact, been vilified for stating my beliefs too strongly within the hearing of someone in the early stages of his own SM love affair. Like the old song refrain, "too hot not to cool down," your SM love relationship has a built-in self destruct mechanism. The longer you make it with your M, the more he is going to demand of you in the way of physical and/or psychological abuse. From his standpoint, you are expressing your affection for him by this inverse display. At the same time, your feelings, as they mature into a deeper love (i.e., a love which transcends the purely physical sensations of your early encounters) will tend to become more positive, even protective. Sacher Mosach was the first to recognize this, back in his 19th Century novels. So, that's the theory; what should you do about it? If you want to leave your present slave-lover, solely because you wish to be free to seek the perfect SM love relationship, I'd suggest you cool it. . . . take some time and think

it over. You're seeking a will'o the wisp. If there are other reasons why you're unhappy, then make this break. However, from your abbreviated statements, it sounds to me as if you had a pretty successful bargain with Dick. Remember, "a bird in the hand."

Dear Larry,

As one of the world's great foreskin lovers, I'm sure you can appreciate my passionate desire to acquire this bit of masculine erotica, ultimate erotica. Is there some place that specializes in this? With all of the plastic surgery going on these days, I'm sure there must be someone who can help me. The few times when I've gotten up the nerve to ask a doctor, he's simply told me "it can't be done." But I've read about it, in fact, just the other day I was reading a Taylor Caldwell novel about Palestine in the biblical days, and one of the characters is lamenting the fact that "so many Jews were having themselves uncircumcised." If they could do it then, why can't they do it now?

Clipped in Michigan

Dear Clipped,

Yes, the foreskin is indeed a marvelous, aesthetic appendage. Because of my own enthusiasm, I have been responsible for glorifying it for many people, and unfortunately I seem to have over-glorified for some, and made them unhappy. I'm sorry about this, because lack of a foreskin certainly should not cause a man to feel inadequate. As to getting a foreskin, it has been some time since I discussed this at any length with any doctors whom I felt to be both sympathetic and knowledgeable. My impression at that time (those times) was "extremely difficult, unlikely chances of success, not worth the risk." There could have been some new developments, and if so I'd be glad to hear about them and to pass them along. At any rate, the two techniques I have heard described were: a) to cut around the head of the dick, on top of the circumcision scar, and to sew in the foreskin, b) to cut around the base of the dick, slide the skin forward and sew in the necessary replacement skin. This sounds easy, but it isn't. The only skin you can use is from your scrotum. How much excess have you got there? Then, the blood supply to the skin of the pecker is apparently not heavy enough to assure the proper healing-joining process. And lastly, the really good plastic surgeons don't want to do it, because the chances of success are so poor to start with, going to a lesser talent further decreases your odds. However, if there is a successful transplant out there, let's hear about it!

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LONDON LEATHER

Now all the fuss is over and the bunting's down, there is one thing we British have proved yet again: if anyone wants a parade organising, it's us they should turn to. Strange, though, that gay pride marches in this country aren't of the same calibre! Anyway, over the wedding of the new Prince and Princess of Wales, it was nice to see so many foreign visitors. The gay clubs were packed with your fellow countrymen. Heaven threw a huge bachelor party on the Tuesday before the great day. The club was packed with over 1000 people to give Charlie a really good send-off. M51 London (the Motor Sports Club) also celebrated the royal do the following Saturday with their first big party in their new premises. I've mentioned it before but you can find M51 London at the London Apprentice Pub at 223 Old Street EC1 on Tuesdays and Saturdays. The evening started off with a video-recording of the royal wedding and all members were given a free stick of royal wedding rock. What we were supposed to do with it, I'm not quite sure! But a few of the more flamboyant revellers had a few jury suggestions! Come to think of it, I think I lost mine in Subway later on... M5C also gave away a dozen commemorative crown pieces. I'm pleased to say (being a right old Royalist underneath) I won one of them and it has pride of place now on the wall in the loo. While at the MSC party, *Capital Gay*, London's new gay newspaper, was there taking photographs. I find this very refreshing—at last the leather scene in this country is coming out of the closet at least it has one foot out!

As we have just been through what we here vaguely describe as summer, most gay activity seems to grind to a halt in the clubs that is—as people are taking their annual vacation. It's not like Paris, which closes down for a month, but there is a dearth of talent cruising Subway and Heaven most nights. Even I have moved down to Wales for a couple of months. I find London so boring during the summer. Though a friend of mine says he's in his element; so many scantily clad young men on the streets and in the parks.

Sundays, whether in summer or winter, in London tend to be the most boring days of all, because, as I've mentioned before, our ludicrous licensing laws really do fuck things up on the day of rest. So it's great to hear of a new disco operating only on Sunday nights

This one has a drawback, however. It's the *Cruiser* disco (where do they get the names!) at the Witchy restaurant in Kensington High Street, about ten minutes walk from Earle Court. It has a 300 people capacity and is open from 10pm until 2am, the bar staying open until 1am. The admission fee is £150, no membership needed, but the drink prices are fucking extortionate. For example, £1 for scotch and tonic, 70p for half a pint of beer, with cocktails starting at £2. When the management were asked if they were overcharging, they replied if they didn't think they were overpriced and anyway all the other bars were closed on a Sunday! My opinion is the place ought to be boycotted. I am pissed off with people (usually straight) taking advantage of gays. I'd rather stay home and beat off!

Talking of dancing and disco, there's one London American-style place that's been around for a long time. It's just been completely revamped too. It's *Bang* disco in the heart of the west end, Charing Cross Road, WC2. The revamping has taken the form of a better light and sound system and a raised dance-floor. The nice thing about *Bang* is that it has welcomed leather guys ever since it opened. No hassles here about getting in in your leathers. Or anything else for that matter. If dancing's really your scene, it's a great way to spend a Monday or Thursday night—don't go the rest of the week, it's straight!

I mentioned before that I vacationed in Wales this summer—and had a wonderful time. It's surprising the attitude to leather down there though. The one and only gay bar in Swansea (a big industrial city in South Wales) *Jingles*, was not going to let me through the front door. I was wearing a t-shirt, leather jacket and chaps—somewhat mild for me! The management had formed the impression that I'd only come to beat up their customers. Anyway, I eventually managed to persuade them that their clientele was safe and that I was really gay. Standing at the bar, it reminded me of London fifteen years ago. It's really funny, getting into some provincial cities is like journeying back in time. The other large city near where I stayed is Cardiff, the capital of Wales. It not only has a gay bar but two gay clubs as well! The gay bar is called *The Kings Cross* and although provincial is very friendly and there is a small smattering of leather to be found if you look. The two clubs are *Sirs* and *Hunters*. The former is the

more macho of the two but is very small. The music is utterly appalling—always eighteen months out of date. If you can put up with that though it's friendly and good fun. *Hunters*, on the other hand, is bigger. It seems to attract chickens and very butch lesbians, so it's not really my scene. Nevertheless, worth a visit if you're stuck out in the wilds.

Nice to see Freddie Mercury, lead singer with pop band *Queen*, frequenting the leather scene in London. It's nice to know that leather is not just confined to his stage appearances. Also, one of England's best known middle-of-the-road singers, who recently finished a season at the Talk of the Town, Tony Monopoly, seems to have moved lock, stock and harness into the Coleherne pub! Whoever next? Somebody you probably will not have heard of is one of the capital's zaniest DJs, and television personality Kenny Everett. He crops up on the gay scene quite regularly. Thank God a few personalities in this country aren't afraid of being seen.

—Bryan Derbyshire

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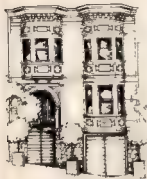
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DRUMMER'S BOOKS

SCI-FI TRIPLE FEATURE

If you spent your childhood Saturdays at triple science fiction features at the neighborhood theatre like I did, you know that usually one of the movies was in color (and recent) and the other two were black and white B-graders where some foul looking half-lungs was threatening to take over the earth. The lead movie may not have been much more than a B-grader itself, but at least it was in color. Well, it's no different with new sci-fi novels. Each year the book-racks are filled with variations on the same themes and occasionally a "color" feature shows up. This year's treat (so far) is the paperback release of Douglas Adams's *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* (Pocket Books, 1981, 215 pages). Adams has combined the surrealism of Vonnegut with the fancy of Stanislaw Lem in a very witty and equally dark sci-fi comedy that begins a few minutes before the world ends, skips through some of the most amazing star systems you'll ever encounter and winds up at the Restaurant At The End Of The Universe, a diner with a menu that one shudders to contemplate. This is one of those books that transcends its genre from the first page, and should prove to be a cult item among a diverse cross-section of readers.

Bantam is one of the larger sci-fi paperback publishers, with a large number of original works released each year. Much of their current crop is firmly set in the hard-core sci-fi adventure genre, like James Berry's *Quas Starbrite* (interstellar domination by half-humans thwarted off by handsome young star pilot), Jerry Earl Brown's *Under The City of the Angels* (future underwater scavenger attempts to save the earth from alien forces), Mike McQuay's *Escape From New York* (this one came out as a summer movie and is similar enough to a lot of other 'escape movies and books), the same author's *Matthew Swain Hot Time in Old Town* (which mixes science fiction with a detective story set in the future), and Stephen E. McDonald's *The Janus Syndrome* (this time the hero is a bit man employed by a secret race that is at war with a dark force and sometimes uses the earth as a background).

But Bantam has also maintained a steady stream of the more daring in science fiction writing, and is a good supplier of epic, multi-volume works. Jack Williamson's *The Humanoid Touch* finishes off this author's series of robot novels in an electric climax. Williamson's work on humanoids rivals Asimov,

the grand master of the poitronic brain novels. His writing is more complex than Asimov—not necessarily a bad thing, since Asimov can seem very simple a decade after original publication.

Harry Harrison's trilogy, *To The Stars* has been published by Bantam in three separate volumes: *Homeworld*, *Wheelworld*, and *Starworld*, any of which stands well enough on its own. While Harrison's plots tend to run along the lines of protagonist-pitted-against-corrupt-master, his writing style is fluid and his plot structures are interesting.

Filled with passages of sado-masochistic sex and imagery... Delany was going to create a sexual science fiction that would knock the socks off the establishment and attract a lot of new readers to the fold...

Samuel R. Delany is, without question, at the center of the current science fiction literary elite. His books have been either clutched to sci-fi fan chests as bibles of daring and vision, or thrown against the wall in hopelessly confused desperation. I for one was mesmerized by his monumental 1974 novel *Dhalgren* when I wasn't cursing the author for flights of absolute self-indulgence that made him all but unreadable. Filled with scenes of sado-masochistic sexual madness and a vision of the future that sounded uncomfortably accurate—Delany appeared to be the messiah that would bring masses of new readers to the sci-fi fields. The next moment I would be screaming that Delany needed an editor—that no one who had recommended this manuscript for publication had read every paragraph of it. But Delany is, if anything, a constant surprise. His earlier novel, *Nova*, I found original, clear, mysteriously funny and highly accessible. His more recent post-*Dhalgren* tome, *Tales of Nevryon* seemed complex but at least accessible, original, highly-creative. Delany has written a great deal, and the leading contemporary sci-fi writers have praised him to the skies. A new title by Delany, *Distant Stars* (Bantam, 1981, trade paperback, 352 pages, \$8.95) is seven very different pieces, including a short novel and the prologue to what will be his next major book. This is the perfect place to start reading Delany, in fact, if you aren't

a sci-fi fan, this is perhaps a very good place to sample science fiction literature—the whole field which is what Delany really represents.

If you like your sci-fi in small doses, Brian Aldiss's new anthology of short stories, *New Arrivals, Old Encounters* (Avon, 1981, paperback, \$2.25), is just the thing. Aldiss can get you into a story with a few broad, but lightning quick, strokes of the pen. And, as he holds a rather satiric view of man in the future-worlds, his tales can be witty as much as they are science fiction.

Charles R. Musgrave

FLESH & MEAT

Boyd McDonald, the editor of a small magazine called *Straight To Hell*, says in the introduction to the second anthology of that lucid publication to be published by Gay Sunshine Press (1981, 192 pages, trade paperback, \$10.), "There are no born straights, but many act straight. We don't like actors."

There is no 'acting' in *Straight To Hell*, or *Meat* (the first anthology) or in *Flesh* (the second anthology). In fact, I can't think of any place where I have witnessed such a suspension of illusion. Certainly not on the best seller list.

Flesh continues where *Meat* left off, gathering together more and more of the reader-written sagas of desire and gratification that have appeared in the underground magazine over the years. And the nice thing about it, for the first-time reader, is not even knowing if these are the 'gems' or just random samplings. It really doesn't matter—each individual revelation is a litany of unsurpassed homosexuality that is unmatched anywhere else—not among the great gay novelists or the great gay documentarians. *Flesh* is the pure and simple truth, untrembling.

McDonald is a mightier voice than has heretofore been recognized. As a gay theorist, he stands with a small group of names that constantly deserve attention: Michael Denneny, John Rechy, Jean-Paul Genet. Among this quartet everything worth considering is being eloquently expounded. McDonald is no lesser light on in his analysis of the gay condition.

Expect to say up all night reading *Flesh*. Expect a sore hand (unless you own an Accu-jac) and an enlightened perspective on what is really important—after all when you've finished. No angelic choruses here, no waiting of violins, just the honest sounds of flesh responding.

—Charles Musgrave

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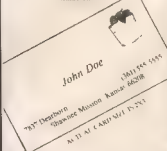
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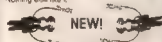
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THE RAPE OF THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT

There are so many things that just don't quite make it in the long-awaited *The French Lieutenant's Woman* that it could be summed up in two simple sentences: If you never read John Fowles's book, you won't understand what all the hoopla is about (and) If you read Fowles's book, you'll understand what the film is about. Whether you like it or not is a horse of a different color.

Fowles is, perhaps, the finest living novelist in the English-speaking language. Three of his books, each unique and extraordinarily written, have gained tremendous popular success; itself an anomaly given how intelligent and imaginative a writer Fowles is and how pedestrian best-seller tastes are. *The Collector*, his short, eerie, ironic little story of a man who collects a young woman like he collects butterflies was denounced, on the one hand, as the most sexist example of heterosexual pornography and praised, on the other, as one of the most disquieting examinations of social mores. It made its way to the screen intact. Although the film was, by reasons of cinematic necessity, less introspective than the novel—its straightforward narrative style carried all the cathartic patterns of psyche of the original. It was enough, in this case, to see what Fowles had written to understand his intentions.

The Magus, his grand and mystical novel that stemmed from four lines of a poem by T.S. Eliot, was a spectacular mess when it arrived on the screen. Audiences that knew the book hated the film, and rightfully so. Audiences that had never read *The Magus* hadn't the foggiest notion what they were seeing, and rightfully so. But bringing *The Magus* to the screen was an impossible task best not undertaken.

Now, the horse of a different color, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*. There is about this reconstructed Victorian story the grandest air of romance, a fact that probably propelled it to its steller popularity among the ironingboard set. A couple million women imagined themselves to be Sarah Woodruff, the heroine, with her mysterious reputation, and her solitary walks along the seacoast of turn-of-the-century

England. But regardless of the attraction by the reader, *Woman* was always an intellectual maze that lead you to a single literary device; the obliteration of the boundaries

press a contortionist, has the distinction of a dual ending. None of these devices are new. Dickens appeared in some of his novels. Pauline Reange, in her singular master-



Charles/Mike (Jeremy Irons) tries to shake some meaning from Sarah/Ann's (Meryl Streep) madness, but to no avail, in John Fowles's story of morality and illusion, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*.

between character, writer, and reader. Fowles did this by entering the novel as a character (the character of the writer) and altering the end of the story. He does this by turning back the hands on his pocketwatch and having a fateful confrontation replayed. While he is doing this, he explores the possibility that authors do not create, that they record what is created within their perception. A simple premise, that characters in fiction are not really fictional characters, but have lives of their own, which they dictate to the "author".

The novel, already filled with twists and turns that would hard

piece *The Story of O*, wrote not only multiple endings, but multiple beginnings—then came back years later and created yet another solution in the form of a new novel that was to be the last ending of them all. But what Fowles managed, in *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, was to restructure a number of daring literary devices along a new grid, and—, not to be slighted—create a moral environment alien to the contemporary reader by basing it on a fundamental issue of contemporary mores; the right of women to decide their own social and sexual destiny. This allowed Fowles to triple assault the reader's sensibilities:

with the issue of the novel itself, with the device of redefining 'creation' and 'creator', and with the device of literary deception (multiple endings).

All this worked well, extremely well, on the page. It is lost on the screen—no, it is raped for the screen into something designed to speak to an imagined audience—comprehension that underestimates both the intelligence of the audience and the ability of Fowles's work to stand 'as is'. *The French Lieutenant's Woman* is not a cinematic version of the Fowles book, it is a variation on the major theme. To compensate, Harold Pinter wrote a new superstructure, a film within a film, for the sole purpose of using both of the endings—one of which is 'happy' and one of which is not 'happy' for one of the characters, but not necessarily 'unhappy' for the other character. Pinter's characters appear as (1) actors in a film based on Fowles's book and (2) the characters in the book—Sarah and Charles. However, the present-day couple (Meryl Streep as the actress Ann and Jeremy Irons as the actor Mike) are not parallels of Sarah and Charles, or even counterpointed personas. They just are. They are not on the screen for any great length of time, nor do we know very much about them. Needless to say, the rest of the actors/actresses appear as the other characters in the film being made. About their contemporary selves we know absolutely nothing: so, it was not Pinter's intention to create a parallel or a counterpoint anywhere. He just wanted, or was instructed, to find a way to use both endings. Why, you might well ask, not just film the book as it was written? I wonder. It isn't difficult, or too 'arty' (whereas the Pinter screenplay is artificial)—in fact, it's daring and exciting. But I don't movie-making works that way. Somewhere along the line it must have been decided that the work was too intelligent for the mass audience and it would have to be downwritten.

The direction isn't right—on either. Nor is it obvious why it fails (both screenwriter Harold Pinter and director Karel Reisz are at the head of their class—Reisz's *Who'll Stop the Rain* is a breathtaking example of the director's ability to fuse riveting performances with a demanding plot). While some of the overall problems lay with the screenplay, Reisz still only gets a pained performance out of Streep—looking and sounding more like a madonna without child than the internally-

inspired and calculating Sarah. When Streep is Anna, the actress, she is Meryl Streep. Jeremy Irons really holds the film together, and his performance as Charles bears a great deal of resemblance to the book's character. His 'Mike'—well, who knows. We don't know anything about Mike anyway.

John Fowles said his inspiration for this monumental book was a single visual image of a woman in a dark cape turning her head away to look out at a troubled sea. You'll see Meryl Streep do that a number of times in this film. It only works once—and *The French Lieutenant's Woman* only works on the printed page.

John W. Rowberry

FATHER AND SON

One of the finest films you are likely to see in 1981 is not a talked-about, well-advertised Hollywood-style opus—not an American auteur mini-masterpiece; the film isn't even American. Nor is it a product of the legendary European cinema. Ironically, the film, *Father and Son*, is from Hong Kong—a country that is known, if at all in the film world, for B-grade kung fu garbage that usually fills the screens of minority-neighborhood theatres with a steady parade of fists smashing into faces amid badly dubbed soundtracks.

From the land of Bruce Lee and Sonny Chiba comes a small, quiet, humanistic story of the relationship between a lower-working-class father and his rebel son. Simplistic? Of course. Hundreds of films have been made about the difference between the parental class and the minor class. But never, I repeat, never has such a study been examined with so much honesty, intelligence, and compassion.

Fong Yuk Ping (Alan Fong, in America), the director, is a native of Hong Kong who attended the UCLA film school in 1971 to learn American film technique. Until then, he had been living the largely autobiographical plot of *Father and Son*. After five years in California, he returned to Hong Kong and went to work for a television station, where he directed a series of dramas called *Below the Lion Rock*. Two of the episodes were selected as entries in a number of international exhibitions and one of them was awarded a prize in 1977. He left television in 1979 to work as a film director. His first feature, *Father and Son*, was released this year.

The film was set to play the prestigious Hong Kong Film Festival and

was suggested by the staff as the opening film. The Hong Kong festival earns its prestige from its aggressive stance as a film marketplace, not from its program. The ruling board, the HK Urban Council, rejected the film as an opening night event, in fact—they threw the film out of the festival entirely. Why? Speculation is that the environment of the film, the squatters that live around the edges of Hong Kong, are too much an embarrassment, the film shames the internationally upward-mobile sensibilities of the HK's. The film, instead, opened at a local theatre during the festival and drew capacity crowds.

Father and Son is indeed a film set in poverty—but one filled with a universal sense of belonging and care that quickly becomes myth-shattering; one can be economically poor but still be rich in self-value. And while the fulcrum of the film is the inability of the father to understand his son and the inability of the son to reach his father on an intellectual level (the fulcrum of countless families, time out of mind)—it never treats its characters nor its subject as melodrama. Each episode, each scene is a finely etched combination of Oriental art and Greek drama. And while tears come easily watching this film, they are tears of understanding and admiration.

The only professional actor in the cast of *Father and Son* is Shek Lu as the father, and his performance is nothing short of brilliant, masterful; whatever accolade you wish. Were it eligible for an Academy Award it could not go unacknowledged.

The film was brought to America by the San Francisco International Film Festival, and chances are slim it will get widespread distribution; a crying shame when one film like *Father and Son* is worth twenty films like *Mommie Dearest* or *Ordinary People*.
—John W. Rowberry

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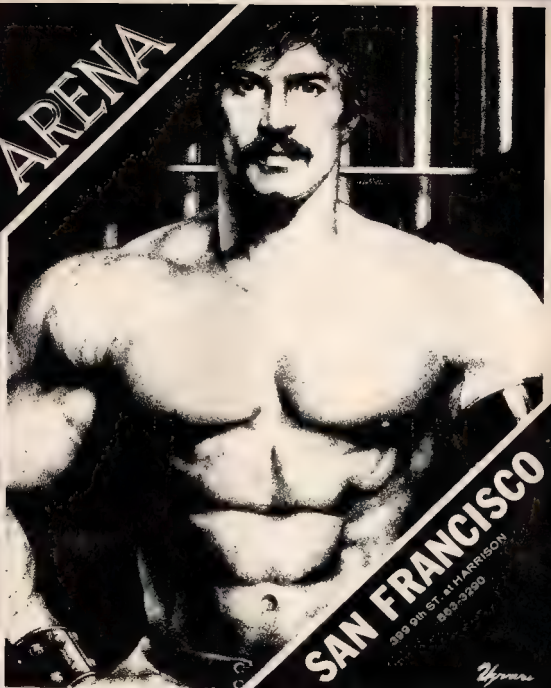
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